THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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IS MORLEY A MURDERER?.

Fierce Indignation Aroused in Ireland by the Hanging of John Twiss, an Alleged Moonlighter.

The "Secretary for Ireland," and the English Government Generally, Excoriated by the Irish Press.

[*Weekly Irish Independent, Feb. 16.*]

A foul and deliberate murder has been committed in Ireland. In the early morning of Saturday last, outside the wall of Cork city, a friendless, unlettered Kerry peasant was murdered in cold blood, wantonly and with malice. A man named John Morley is charged with the crime. He is an Englishman, a politician by profession; and it is supposedhe slew the dead man, John Twiss, for State purposes and to satisfy the craving of his countrymen, the English people. Every circumstance in connection with the crime points to the complicity and guilt of the accused. It is a terrible charge against any human being, that of murder, and when true it deserves death!

Let John Morley look to it. He is in Ireland now long enough to be familliar with the feelings of her people. His be the care that he does not outrage their feelings too far. There is a limit to human endurance, even under a Liberal administration in Ireland, and when true men must die so that criminals and scoundrels may live and thrive, we are close up to the margin of limit. True, John Morley did not personally superintend the commission of this murder; his other political engagements detained him elsewhere. But the horrid work was done by his command, and by the ruffians who fatten on the system which he props up.

As the vile wretch of an Englishman whose hands strangled John Twiss, strove with flash jewels and vulgar finery to bedeck his repulsive person, so this man Morley, with false words and vain promises, may attempt to disguise his complicity in this crime. But the one is as futile as the other. God knows he did not act in the dark. It was not without solemn warning he gave the police conspirators their victim; it was not without solemn protest from half a milliom of people his flippant reply came to hand, "The law must take its course." No, no! John Morley sinned deliberately and against the light. He surrendered the Irish peasant to the English vultures who demanded his death, and the law took its course and John Twiss died on the scaffold.

John Twiss you have not died in vain! We who stood beside the scaffold and saw your cold corpse swaying, swaying so slowly to and fro on the waves of death, were filled with emotions of pride and of grandeur! Oh, God, it is an awful thing to see a stark corpse swinging on the scaffold; and your heart must be hard indeed if you can look upon such a sight without desolation and awe! It is a terrible memory to bring away into the careless world outside. The pale ghostly face of the dead man when he was cut down, the half-shut eyes, the open lips, the dishevelled hair—these things haunt one in lonelier moments, and melt the soul in happier times. But they do something more. From the silence of a felon's grave they speak eloquently and with passion to the men of Ireland. Words have their power, but it is not in the power of any words to imprint the noble solemnity of the death of John Twiss, or to express the sublimity of his spirit that is fled. "Death before dishonor," he said in the dock, and the night before execution, speaking to the woman whom he loved, "I will run up the scaffold," were his words.

O brave victim of merciless monsters, you, indeed, taught us all how an Irishman should tread the scaffold and welcome the foot-sound of Death! Better a thousand deaths such as yours than that one man of our nation should stoop to the treachery they tempted you with. Half a soldier and all a hero, you stepped out from the ranks of the people to show England and the world that there are still Irishmen who cannot be bought, cajoled or intimidated even with the rope around their necks. "There was never a man of mine took blood-money" was your pride, and you died sooner than sell a man of your race to the Slayer of the Singwless and the Trampler of the Weak. John Twiss on the scaffold showed all the moral valor, devotion, and fearless fidelity of a man content to perish for a sentiment he loved. The sentiment in support of which he died is that it is wrong to swear against an innocent man, even to save your own life. He thought when he was dead he would not be missed; this humility was in keeping with the simplicity of his nature. It is infamy for anyone to die and not be missed, especially such an Irishman as John Twiss. His enemies when they buried him in unhallowed ground, where the snows enshroud his grave, thought they had heard the last of him.

But it is not so; the story of hir murder and the means by which he was brought down, will burn into the hearts of his hountrymen and drive home every nail in the coffin of the Chief Secretary, under whose ragime such things are possible. While his cold ashes upbraid those who vainly revile his memory and strive to blacken his character, outlawed, hunted, Kerry peasant as he was, his ennobling death makes his name and his memory more dear to his countrymen than the loftiest achievements of the most exalted men in England, and John Twiss is added to that honorable roll that neither change nor detraction can tarnish nor time forget.

A SONG OF THE SCAFFOLD.

Thank God! he is no disgrace to his country. He would never be an informer against innocent men.—*Jane Twiss.*

England's sceptre has been the sword, her diadem has been the black cap, and her throne has been the gallows for the last seven hundred years in Ireland.—*George Henry Moore.*

Sing we the song of the Scaffold,
The throne of the ruling race,
With its swaying rope,
And its blasted hope,
And its shroud for the dead man's face.
For the martyr-blood it hath drunken
Has never in vain been poured,
And its corpse with the white face shrunken
Cries out to the vengeful Lord.

Sing we the song of the Victim,
Whose blood has been bought and sold,
And whose latest breath,
In the teeth of Death,
Bore a curse on the briber's gold.
As a bridegroom steps to the altar,
As a knight with his dauntless mien,
He strode, and no coward's falter
In his last death march was seen.

Sing we the song of the Murdered,
Who died for another's shame,
And who scorned to buy
With a perjured lie
The pardon of England's name.
"Let the words to my race be spoken"—
And the soggarth beside him stood—
"That my death-sleep may be unbroken:
I am guilty of no man's blood."

Sing we the song of our Rulers,
Whose crimes with their rule began,
Whose laws are cursed,
And whose minions thirst
For the blood of a guiltless man;
The scaffold, their throne of Freedom,
Their sceptre, the ruthless sword,
And hangman and bribe—they need them
To strengthen their rule abhorred.

Sing we the song of the Hatred
That gathers and grows apace,
For the foully slain,
And the brutal reign,
And the wrongs of an outraged race;
For the land is sickened to sorrow,
And the murmur of hate grows deep;
And we swear, on some bright to-morrow,
This Harvest of Hate to reap.

SEAGAN MOR.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

The Irish classes conducted by the Philo-Celtic Association at Room 35, City Hall, are making very satisfactory progress. A new class is about to be formed, and intending students are requested to note that the present is a favorable time to commence. It should be kept in mind that, except for the payment of a small monthly membership fee and the cost of books, no expense is incurred, as there is no charge for tuition or hall rent. The librarian, Mr. William Raleigh, supplies all necessary books, which may be obtained at the class-room or at his residence, 735 Canal street. The classes meet for study Sunday afternoons at 2:30 o'clock. At the close of the studies last Sunday it was announced that Father Carroll of St. Thomas' church, Fifty-fifth street and Kimbark avenue, would preach in Irish at high mass, commencing at 10:30 a. m., on St. Patrick's Day, and steps were taken to have a large representation from the association present on that occasion.

Finger-Prints.

Is there anything new under the sun? Here we have two gentlemen politely hinting that the one discovered finger-prints as a mode of identification before the other had any conception of nature's unforgeable autographs. But while they are wrangling along come the Chinese, smiling superciliously at the outer barbarians' claims, since they practiced this check on ingenious-roguery ages and ages ago. And now Mr. Kumagusu Minakata puts in a word for the Japanese. He tells us that it was the universal practice, before the revolution of 1869 put everything which was not European into the limbo of obsoletism, to stamp all legal documents "with the thumb" (Bo-in), and on sacred contracts, accompanied by solemn oaths, the "blood stamp" (Keppan) was impressed by the ring-finger in blood. This mode of legalizing a document is known to have been in use as early as A. D. 702, though the Chinese, from whom the Japanese most probably borrowed it, used finger-printing in the seventh century, if not sooner.—*Ex.*

Marry This Girl—Somebody!

Mr. Editor: I stained a blue silk dress with lemon juice; what will restore the color? I am making lots of money selling the Climax Dish Washer. Have not made less than $10 any day I worked. Every family wants a Dish Washer, and pay $5 quickly when they see the dishes washed and dried perfectly in ONE MINUTE. I generally sell at every house. It is easy selling what every family wants to buy. I sell as many washers as my brother, and he is an old salesman. I will clear $3,000 this year. By addressing J. H. Nolen, 60 W. Third av., Columbus, Ohio, any one can get particulars about the Dish Washer, and can do as well as I am doing. Talk about hard times; you can soon pay off a Mortgage, when making $10 a day, if you will ONLY WORK; and why won't people try, when they have such good opportunities?

MAGGIE R.

THE SNAPPY "JAPS."

Their Army One of the Best Ever Placed in the Field of Battle.

Reasons Why These "Frenchmen of the Orient" Have Walked Rough-Shod Over Gigantic China.

Captain William H. Crawford, who is known to many Philadelphians by reason of his long connection with the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and who is now in Japan representing the firm, writes a most interesting letter from Yokohama, under date of January 11, to Chief Clerk Sickel, of the Pension Office. As a veteran Captain Crawford has watched the progress of the war between China and Japan with more than ordinary interest.

"The Japanese are the most interesting people it has ever been my privilege to be among," writes the Captain; "they are so much like children in many respects and like men and women in others. I think the Japanese men are thr bravest on the face of the earth, and in military affairs they can teach most other natfons a lesson or two.

"It has been my privilege to spend some time at Hiroshima, the great military headquarters of the army and the military home of the Mikado. During my stay there and in other military places further south I picked up many items of interest regardings the Japanese, and the more I saw and learned the more I admired them. Just fancy an army of about two hundred thousand men and not one—rank or file—over 32 years of age, and not one, either officer or man, who is not a native-born Japanese. There is not a single foreigner connected with the army or navy, either directly or indirectly.

"Fancy this army instructed by the Emperor himself that no officer or soldier must permit himself to be taken prisoner. If he be unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the enemy his duty to his Emperor, to his country and to himself is to put himself to death. All Japanese understand this—it is the old Samori spirit, which has become a sort of second nature to the Japanese soldier. 'Put no value upon your own life, but hold sacred the lives of others not in arms against you.'

"Fancy two hundred thousand of these men, thoroughly well armed, clothed, fed and drilled, and with the best of officers, and you have the Japanese army in the field now. The Japanese soldier does no work. All the digging and ordinary camp work are done for him by coolies. He does not even have to carry his own rations. His duty is to fight—that is all, and fight to the death when required.

"The Japanese do not depend upon their bravery, however. They rely mainly upon the absolute accuracy with which every detail of this great war with China has been worked out. They know the ground in China over which they are fighting much better than the Chinese. Everything, to the smallest detail, is figured out ahead and the company commanders are furnished with more information than some of our division generals were given. Every field soldier has a pair of field glasses, so that he can see what is going on as well as the officers. It is no wonder, then, that the Chinese soldiers can't stand before the Japs. It is a mistake to suppose that Chinese soldiers don't fight, for they do; but they can't stand the generalship of their enemies, their thorough organization and fighting qualities. There is just one outcome to the whole business—Japan will get all she wants and will dictate terms.

"I like Japan very much. There is only one thing that mars the enjoyment of a stay here, and that is the earthquakes. They come entirely too often to be comfortable. In the last twenty-four hours we have had three, slight ones, of course, but still earthquakes. I have passed through three heavy ones in the year I have been here, and I tell you I thought each time that the end of all things had come. I have my opinion of a man's mental condition who doesn't get frightened by them. I can stand being shot at, because I know the extent of the danger and when it will stop; besides, it is possible to shield one's self from harm, but an earthquake is different. When it begins no one knows when it will stop or how bad it will be. There is nothing to do but stand and wait and fear, for the ground may open at any moment and bury you alive. When the ground all about you is rolling up and down like the Delaware river during a storm and you see the walls of the buildings twisting about and out of all shape, the seconds become anxious ones and you feel very helpless.

"I was in church one Sunday evening a short time ago, when the last heavy one took place. It was 8 o'clock and the preacher had just started a sermon. All at once the building shot up in the air and then began to shake like a dog just out of water. I made a bolt for the door, for I felt sure the building (a frame one) was coming down. I made good time—I almost tumbled out, and felt rather ashamed of the speed I was making; but when I got into the street half the congregation was there ahead of me. How they got out I don't know, for I can't fancy it possible for anyone to make better time than I did. Yet there they were. They had beaten the brick chimney in getting into the street, but I was away behind it. I never saw, and never expect to see again, a congregation get out of church so quickly. But this is only one of the incidents of life in Japan."—*Philadelphia Hibernian.*

MEMORIES OF IRELAND.

How lonely the hillsides; how lonely the plains
That once with life resounded,
And the silence deep of the desert reigns,
Where hearts once buoyant bounded.
The leaves by the same soft breeze are stirred,
With the old sweet fragrance laden,
But the peasants song is no longer heard;
Or the laugh of the blithesome maiden.

The sun looks down from asky serene,
On a land with riches teeming.
But the ruined tracks where homes have been
Are the scenes that greet his beaming.
The hearths are quenched; are the hearts quenched too
That basked in their cheerful glowing?
Where children of God in his likeness grew,
Wild grass and weeds are growing.

No more the gay young crowds are seen
In the evening sports assembled,
Forsaken the cross and the village green
That once with their dancing trembled.
And the throngs that livened the village fair,
Have all from that scene departed;
The country church where they knelt in prayer,
Is now like their homes deserted.

Does that sun look down on their silent graves,
In their native churchyard yonder,
Or scan the depths of the ocean waves,
Where their bones are whitening under?
Or mingling their dust with a foreign soil,
Despised, unknown, forsaken,
Sinking down to rest from a life's sad toil,
Till the trumpet's blast shall waken?

Or wandering still on distant shores,
From their own for ever driven,
Despoiled of all the heart adores,
Every tie that is dearest riven?
The banshee cries in the lonely vale,
For the dear ones dead and banished
And Erin weeps o'er the sad, sad tale,
And the hopes of a people vanished.

Alas! is the pride of our country past,
Is her conquest at length completed.
Can the spoiler gloat o'er the wreck at last,
And say she's for aye defeated?
What dreadful war has swept our hills,
And filled our vales with slaughter?
Ah, war with all its darkest ills,
Had ne'er such havoc wrought her.

See what we were, and what we are,
Our wrongs to Heaven crying:
We've borne all, all the pains of war,
But the glory of in it dying.
Behold our blighted land today,
Where British laws have laid her;
Shall tame-submission preachers say,
That peace has glorious made her?

With pike and sword our fathers stood,
'Gainst Saxon fraud and plunder,
Nor feared to pour their souls in blood,
Amid the battle's thunder.
Are we their sons, mere passive slaves,
While foreign robbers bind us,
Far better leave, and share their graves,
A stainless cause behind us.

P. T. M.

Chicago, Feb. 28.

New Coadjutor Bishop of Elphin.

The new Coadjutor-Bishop of Elphin, the Most Rev. John J. Clancy, says the *Irish Independent*, is the son of Mr. Martin Clancy, Collooney, county Sligo. He is about 37 years of age, and was educated at the Seminary, Sligo, and at Summerhill College, Athlone. In 1875 he entered Maynooth College, and after a distinguished course obtained a Dunboyne scholarship. Ordained in 1882 he was appointed Professor in the Sligo College. He took the chair of English in Maynooth in 1886. He is secretary to the Maynooth Centenary Committee, writes articles for the *Irish Ecclesiastical Review*, and is a good preacher. He will be the youngest of the Irish bishops, and one of the most distinguished-looking.

Something Interetting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

OLD KINSALE.

A Very Interesting Historical Description of the Ancient Town in Sight of Which Ireland Met Her Doom.

The Celebrated People Who Have Visited Kinsale as Conquerors or Fugitives.

Kinsale was a flourishing town long before the time when the Mayflower landed the Pilgrim Fathers on the shores of New England, when the red Indian hunted on the shores of Manhattan, and the wild buffalo roamed where now stand the great centres of western civilization. It had its charter from Edward III., before the Battle of Crecy was fought and won; over two hundred years before the defeat of the Spanish Armada by the fleets of Elizabeth, three hundred years before the Battle of the Boyne, five hundred years before the Battle of Waterloo. It had its Burgess roll, its courts of session, returned two members to parliament, its extensive trade established, and right of custom leviable thereon, when Belfast was in embryo, and the now beautiful town of Kingston a mere fishing hamlet. It had its abbey of learned friars and another of regular canons over three hundred years before was laid the foundation-stone of new St. Paul's. The name of Kinsale has several Irish derivations, all glowing with the beautiful imagery of the Gaelic tongue—among those "Cean taile," *i. e.*, "the head of the sea"; "Cune taile," or "Cune saille," which imports "a smooth sea or basin," and "Fanna tuabrid," meaning "the fall of the springs."

The name of Kinsale is intimately associated with many events of great significance in the checkered history of the Conquest of Ireland. As early as 1380 a fleet of Spanish sail, after doing much mischief on the coast of England, were defeated in Kinsale by an English fleet. In 1601 in Elizabeth's reign, was fought the famous Battle of Kinsale, when the Irish army, under the three famous chieftains, Hugh O'Neill, Hugh O'Donnell and Donal O'Sullivan Beare, hastening to the relief of the Spanish allies, under Don Juan D'Aquilla, then lying beleaguered in the town, besieged by a powerful English force, were unhappily defeated, after a desperate contest. A few days afterwards Hugh O'Donnell set out from the harbor of Castlehaven for Spain for reinforcements. But Don Juan D'Aquilla having capitulated a short time after the battle at Kinsale, all hopes of further aid from Spain were thereby put an end to.

In regard to the vital consequences hinging upon the result of this battle, it may be ranked with some of the most momentous contests in the history of the world. It would be interesting to speculate what would be the effect if Harold had gained the battle of Hastings, if Napoleon had won Waterloo; or how different the subsequent history of Ireland would read had the Irish chieftains and their Spanish allies won the Battle of Kinsale. Many places in the locality, some ruins still standing, bear to this day interesting evidence of the terrible siege to which the Spaniards were subjected during their occupancy of Kinsale.

Less than half a century passed away, and again Kinsale is the scene of battle, hears again the roar of cannon, and suffers the direful effects of a blockade. This time, however, it is the English who are at each others' throats. Prince Rupert, nephew of King Charles I., immediately after the execution of that king by the Parliamentarians, put into Kinsale with sixteen ships, where a short time afterwards he was blockaded by three of Cromwell's admirals, but eventually escaped, after giving the enemy the slip.

And now comes Cromwell on the scene—Cromwell, the "strongest soul of England," "the undisputed hero of all England," as Carlyle calls him. How different this from our Irish view of him, with his terrible butcherings, his brutal decree of "Hell or Connaught," and his sales of Irish girls as slaves for Barbadoes. We are more inclined to agree with Hume's definition of him, as a "Fanatic-Hypocrite," with the added word, "Butcher." Cromwell, it is recorded, paid a visit to Kinsale. A house is pointed out in the town where he lay during his visit. And here, in a word, is the cutcome of his brief stay, as recorded: "On May 20 all the Irish were driven out of Kinsale, by an order from Cromwell." Comment on this laconic statement would be superfluous. Its brutal nakedness speaks more than volumes. The then Lord Kinsale, it appears, was one of those who was offered by him the gentle alternative of "Hell or Connaught," but he had influential friends who petitioned Cromwell, and so influenced him to let him off, but as the Rev. Mr. Gibson very succinctly observes in his History of Cork: "There may have been another reasor, his property was very small." In 1670, the present royal fortification of Charles Fort was built by the Earl of Orrery, there being at the time an alarm of a French invasion, and representations being made to the then king that Kinsale was a most excellent harbor and the most convenient for ships to resort.

On Wednesday, March 12, 1689, James II. landed at Kinsale, whence, after a short stay, he proceeded northwards with his Irish and French allies. Then followed the struggle between himself and William, a series of defeats from the battle of the Boyne to the second battle of Kinsale, which latter was gained by Marlborough, after a most desperate resistance. This battle was mainly fought at the old fort. The English first took the fort by storm, but the Irish garrison, still undismayed, retired with their governor, Col. O'Driscoll, into Ringroan Castle and there held out valiantly until Col. O'Driscoll and 200 of their garrison had been slain.

The other historical allusion. In the year 1691 occurred—as the old records term it—"one of the most glorious sights that ever appeared on the coast of Ireland," for at the same time were seen the English and Dutch fleets in the port of Kinsale, and the grand fleets of both nations at the mouth of the harbor, extending from the Old Head to Youghal. "Thus," say the historians, "the importance of Kinsale was again known to England, when opon a false alarm that the French fleet was approaching, the men of war could draw into a line of battle without any trouble or concern for the merchant ships which were secured in the harbor. Nor was this the only benefit England received from Kinsale that summer, for the Virginia and Barbadoes fleets likewise took sanctuary there until an opportunity presented to convey them safely to their respective ports.

All this strange eventful history the town of Kinsale has witnessed. The walls which, ages ago, echoed the sonorous tones of the Spanish Dons, today resound with the joyous laughter of merry Irish children. The massive walls of the forts, from which peered grimly death-belching cannon, now cast a peaceful shadow o'er the bright waters of the harbor, o'er which glide gracefully the simple craft of the fisher folk. The zone of encircling hills, which echoed and re-echoed the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the fierce shouts of combatants, now echo only the sweet and peaceful sounds of the church-bell in their call to evening prayer. The streets, such as they were then, are unchanged now in size and formation. An air of grim mediaevalism hovers round the place. The mind calls up instinctively quaint pictures of the hardy rovers of the Spanish Main; the haughty Spanish soldiers chafing at the restraint of a prolonged siege; and their strange leader, proud, haughty, restless and impatient—most unfit allies these for a race equally imperious. If imbued with the power of speech, what strange tales those old walls could tell—what curious assemblages they must have witnessed—what desperate deeds—what grim tragedies. What a field for the novelist! Here be materials for a tragic novel, with no great call upon the writer's imagination. Oh! for an Irish Dumas or Victor Hugo to clothe these airy fabrics with the vivifying influence of chivalrous personalities. So much, then, for the Kinsale of the past.

Kinsale of the present day is a town of some 4,000 inhabitants, with streets and houses of extraordinary antiquity, and, as I have observed, with the places of historical interest well preserved. It is a study in brick and mortar for the antiquarian. It is most delightfully situated, overlooking its charming, well-sheltered harbor, truly a "Statio bene fida carinis." Viewed from the water, the town rises in rather an abrupt slope, and seems composed of a series of terraces, culminating in the Convent of Mercy, which towers aloft, a stately edifice, gazing, as it were, benignly down upon the town beneath, the whole crowned with a garland of waving trees, which soften and mellow the perspective. The town is essentially a maritime one. The salt water seems to permeate everything. An atmosphere of maritime life in all its stages prevails. Walking on the pier or quays, maritime phrases strike the ear. There are some particular little nooks, where old salts most do congregate to spin their yarns, which you can never pass without catching some of the curious words which form the staple of the seamen's vocabulary. Profound sea-lawyers, of the Jack Bunsby class, some of them are, who speak oracularly, with a world of wisdom in their quaint phrases. Men with granite bodies, but soft, kind hearts, dressed in the stiff nautical cut, "timber-looking," as Dickens calls the seafarers, "suits of oak as well as hearts, whom it is almost impossible for the liveliest imagination to separate from any part of their dress, however insignificant."—*Florence O'Sullivan, in the Southern Star of Skibbereen.*

Irish Fireside Literary Club.

The Irish Fireside Literary Club will give their first grand literary and musical entertainment, in honor of Thomas Davis, on Friday evening, March 8, at Columbia Hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets. M. V. Gannon will deliver the oration, and John J. Hanrahan, the celebrated vocalist, will sing. General admission 25c; reserved seats 50c. Tickets furnished on application to John J. Sherlock, secretary.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY, }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL

A. W. GLEASON,
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THE BRITISH LIBRARY

LIVES LOST AT SEA.

UNKNOWN NUMBER OF SAILORS GO DOWN IN THE STORM.

Philadelphia Shipping Men Do Not Remember Its Rival—Pitiable Sights at the Maritime Exchange — Three Vessels Given Up.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 25.—The loss of life at sea this winter has been greater than during any corresponding period within the recollection of the oldest shipping men along the wharves. It has been years since so many Philadelphia vessels have been lost, and the local underwriters cannot attempt at this time to figure out just what number of policies they will have to pay, as it is contended that the full and worst results of the recent storms have not yet come to light. It is a pitiable sight to stand at the entrance gate to the Maritime exchange as the doorkeeper is besieged by anxious wives and other relatives of seamen who went to sea previous to the great storm of the 7th instant, and have not yet been heard from.

Eight Souls Aboard One Shooner.

The friends of Captain Oliver, of the Philadelphia schooner Emma J. Meyer, which sailed from Charleston fourteen days ago with a cargo of railroad ties and has not since been heard from are almost prostrated with grief, as they believe the vessel has foundered and that all hands, eight in number, have been lost. The vessel would in all probability have been about off the Jersey coast at the time the storm raged. Her agents here have, however, not given up hope, claiming that she may have been driven off to the eastward of the gulf stream and being crippled has not been able to work back.

Two Others with Sixteen Men.

On Jan. 29 the three-masted schooner Marooshen, Captain F. S. Brown, laden with 325 tons of coal and manned by a crew of seven men, sailed from this port bound for Wiscasset, Me., but since that time no tidings have been had of her and it is thought likely that she, too, met with the gale of the 7th instant, and foundered with all hands. Nothing has ever been heard from the schooner Governor Ames, which sailed from Salem early in the month for Philadelphia or Baltimore. She is manned by a crew of nine men and is the best known vessel on the coast, being distinguished by being the only five-masted schooner afloat.

Probable Fate of the Dalling and Others.

The family of Captain Dalling, of the Philadelphia schooner Maggie Dalling, which was passed at sea on the 13th inst. in latitude 33:08, longitude 75:05, abandoned, water-logged and with the foremast gone and mizzen and main masts gone by the deck, has given up hopes of his safety, and many other vessels are missing and, there is little doubt, foundered in the same gale.

ROLLED DOWN AN EMBANKMENT.

One Person Killed in a Fearful Wreck on the Louisville and Nashville.

GREENVILLE, Ala., Feb. 23.—The southbound passenger train on the Louisville and Nashville was derailed three miles below Greenville and a fearful wreck resulted. The cars rolled down an embankment and caught fire. Five of them were burned, including two passenger coaches, the baggage and express cars, and one sleeper. The engine tore its way along the road-bed for some distance, tearing up the rails. A large number of passengers were on board, many of them en route to the Mardi Gras at Mobile and New Orleans.

When the extent of the damage was ascertained it seemed little less than a miracle that only one life was lost, that of C. R. Walsh, of Birmingham, who was killed outright. Several were more or less seriously injured as follows: Mrs. G. H. Armstrong, of Buffalo, N. Y., left shoulder and arm broken and badly cut; Mrs. G. W. Morey, of Shelbyville, Tenn., arm broken, left ankle sprained; Margaret Moody, of Shelbyville, Tenn., badly burned and cut; Mr. W. H. Johnson, of Newcastle, Ind., seriously hurt in back and groin; Mrs. Sallie Johnson, of Birmingham, Ala., right leg scalded; Mrs. W. C. Thomas, of Montgomery, Ala., knee sprained; Mr. C. R. Johnson, of Toledo, O., hip cut; Mrs. W. H. Schoolcraft, of Montgomery, Ala., head cut and hand mangled. About forty others received slight bruises, but were able to resume their journey.

FIVE HUNDRED MEN IMPRISONED.

Shaft of a Mine Closed by an Accident—Carpenter Falls to His Death.

LONDON, Feb. 26.—The Daily News says that great anxiety prevails at Normanton owing to a peculiar accident that has happened at the Whitewood Haighmoor colliery. Five hundred miners have been imprisoned in the pit by a collision of the cages in which the men ascend and descend. The shaft was so badly damaged that it is impossible to use cages.

A carpenter named Norburn while repairing the shaft slipped and fell to the bottom. He was undoubtedly killed. Great crowds were waiting around the pit head at midnight awaiting news of imprisoned miners. At that hour the mine officials decided to attempt to rescue the men by way of another shaft.

American Newspaper Publishers.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—The American Newspaper Publishers' association held the final session of its annual meeting at the Brunswick hotel in Fifth avenue, and last night closed up with a banquet. The officers chosen were: President, C. W. Knapp, St. Louis Republic, to succeed James W. Scott, Chicago Herald; secretary, W. C. Bryant, Brooklyn Times; treasurer, H. F. Gunnison, Brooklyn Eagle. Resolutions congratulating James W. Scott on coming into possession of three papers "all daily," were adopted.

Committee on Labor to Have a Day.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—The Democratic members of the house commitee on rules met and concluded to give today to the committee on public buildings and Wednesday to the committee on labor. The Pacific railway bill will not probably get a hearing because of the improbability that the senate could act on it if it was passed by the house.

Chicago Republican Ticket.

CHICAGO, Feb. 22.—Following is the ticket nominated by the Republican city convention: Mayor, George B. Swift; city treasurer, Adam Wolf; city clerk, J. P. R. Van Cleave; city attorney, Roy O. West; circuit judge, Charles G. Neely.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

Proceedings of the National Lawmakers in Both Houses.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—Chandler created something of a sensation in the senate by outlining some important steps to be taken by the next congress, including a congressional investigation of the recent purchase of gold by the president of the United States. The speech came unexpectedly, as an incident of the Indian appropriation bill. The silver bill was displaced by a vote of 55 to 12 and goes back to the calendar, where Wolcott's declaratory resolution also went. The Indian appropriation was pending at adjournment.

The opponents of new battleships for the navy suffered a crushing defeat when Sayres' motion to strike out the authorization in the naval appropriation for war vessels was lost by a vote of 67 to 199. But the house would not appropriate money to build the ships authorized. The bill as passed authorizes the construction of three battleships to cost, exclusive of armor, $4,000,000 each, and twelve torpedo boats to cost $170,000 each. The senate amendment to the diplomatic and consular bill appropriating $500,000 for a cable to Hawaii was discussed without action.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—For once the finance question did not come up in the senate and the whole day was devoted to business. In the course of a speech Allen welcomed Teller and Vest into the Populist ranks. Gorman wanted the income tax amendment further amended so as to force corporations to report their "high-priced" officials. He failed—57 to 10. The Indian appropriation came up and good progress was made, but the bill was not finally acted on. It was voted to cease financial help to denominational schools, but exception was made as to the schools at Hampton, Va., and Philadelphia. An attempt to hold a night session was a failure.

The house non-concurred in the senate amendment to the diplomatic bill for a cable to Hawaii. The general deficiency bill, carrying $6,519,589, was taken up in committee of the whole and sixty-five pages of the bill completed, after which eulogies were pronounced on the late Senator Stockbridge, of Michigan.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The senate put in the day on the Indian appropriation without final action. The house provision to end the contract school system in five years was stricken out. A reduction of 20 per cent. was made, but other congresses can do as they see fit about the matter. An attempt to fix the time for a vote failed. An executive session was held.

The house discussed the general deficiency bill in committee without final action, passed a few bills of little importance and held a night session for pension bills. Mexico was thanked by resolution for her honors to Minister Gray.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—The senate by a vote of 24 to 42 refused to take up the pooling bill, and its friends were told that it was no use taking it up as it would be talked to death. The Indian appropriation bill was passed after having been before the senate five days, and a beginning was made on the sundry civil bill. Wolcott offered a resolution providing for the creation of an American commission of nine members to take part in an international money conference if Germany, Great Britain or other foreign countries take the initiative. A resolution was introduced to have the remains of Frederick Douglass lie in state in the rotunda of the Capitol, but it failed to be acted upon, Gorman objecting. Eulogies were pronounced on the late Representative Shaw, of Wisconsin. Senator Ransom, nominated as minister to Mexico, was promptly confirmed.

The feature of the day's proceedings in the house was the fight on the proposition to pay an extra month's salary to all the employes of the house and senate. It carried in committee of the whole, including clerks to members. The reading of the deficiency bill was completed with the exception of a few amendments. Eulogies were pronounced on the late Senator Vance.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—The senate is now working day and night on the appropriation bills, in order to complete them before the session closes. The sundry civil appropriation bill was considered with little interruption or delay from 11 a. m. to 5:30 p. m., and again at a night session. The item of $150,000 for purchasing the property of the late James G. Blaine, in order to prevent its use for theatre purposes, was finally agreed to. Among the amendments adopted to the sundry civil bill was one of $100,000 for renewing the superstructure of the Rock Island bridge; also to transfer the Mackinac island military reservation to Michigan.

The general deficiency bill—the last of the regular appropriation bills—has passed the house, after the appropriation to pay our obligations under the award of the Behring sea tribunal had been struck out. The extra month's salary for the employes of congress and clerks of members went through.

The Populist Editors' Convention.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 25.—The net result of the gathering of Populist editors is a fight between the Omaha platform element and the Populist national committee, headed by Taubeneck. The resolutions adopted by the convention mildly reminded Taubeneck that he was straying from the Omaha platform in recommending that the editors come out for free silver as a leading issue, but the radical element declared that it would keep up the fight against Taubeneck's idea. The convention also indorsed the Industrial Legion, Vandervoort's organization, which Taubeneck disapproves of. Adjourned sine die.

Poisoned $1,500 Worth of Pups.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25.—Eight "toy" dogs, the property of Mrs. F. Senn, were found poisoned in their box at the Madison Square garden dog show. Six of them were dead and the other two will die. The dogs were valued at $1,500. The miscreant who did it is not known, but no stone will be left unturned to find him. Another dog, a bull terrier, was poisoned while in the ring.

Oregon Elects a Senator.

SALEM, Feb. 25.—George W. McBride, ex-secretary of state, was elected Saturnight on the thirtieth ballot as United States senator to succeed Dolph. This was the last act of the legislature, as it adjourned sine die at midnight. McBride got every Republican vote.

Captain Howgate Acquitted.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—The jury in the case of Captain Howgate, charged with embezzlement, has returned a verdict of acquittal. The jury had been hung for two or three days, but the judge would not discharge it

ADRY IS THE BAD ONE

HARRY MAKES OUT A CASE OF TOTAL DEPRAVITY

As the Character of the Elder of the Two Brothers—Charged with Holding Up Kate Ging Last April—And Yet Harry Trusts Him with Business Confidences.

MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 23.—It was somewhat of a surprise to Nye when Erwin turned Harry Hayward over to his tender mercies a short time before court adjourned last evening. He had expected that the examination would take at least the day and was hardly prepared to go into the examination, and he therefore contented himself with going over some minor matters that he might begin in earnest this morning. The day was an interesting one in the extreme, being filled with the troubles between the witness and his brother Adry. Harry explained that he had become so shocked at his brother's depravity that he had resolved to sound many other people to see if they had such wonderful consciences. Thus it was that he had questioned Waterman, the hackman, and even L. M. Stewart, and he dared the state to put Stewart on the stand.

Adry Was the Bad Man All Along.

Instead of his having threatened to kill his brother with a knife, Adry, he said, had threatened to rip his (Harry's) entrails out; had threatened to kill his father, and had often stated that he was so devoid of conscience that he could kill his father easily and not be troubled about it afterward. All through his evidence it was Adry who had been the fiend, Adry who was the slaughterer, Adry who had a mania for killing people, Adry who was the member of a gang, Adry who was everything, and yet with all this he went on to tell how he confided all his business to Adry and begged his father to take him back into his employ.

News of the Murder Excited Him.

He made a good witness, prolix or not. For his long answers contained explanations that were ingenius, to say the least. He said that when he heard of the murder he was very much excited, and did not now know what he told the police; he would accept their statements as to that. In explaining how it was he had described the murdered girl's dress after he heard of the crime he said he had seen her probably ninety times in the two previous months and eighty-seven times, in his judgment, she had worn one style of costume; so it was about thirty chances to one that she was dressed that way when murdered.

Adry Was a Highwayman.

The most startling intimation he gave was when the attorney at last got before the jury the incident of Adry's meeting Miss Ging and Miss Vedder. He was asked about being in jail with Adry and what was said, and in reply stated that Adry was very downhearted and he asked Adry what made him so. Finally Harry said to his brother: "Adry, what is this? You held her up once. Did you have anything to do with this?" Adry was silent, and refused to talk any more. The point brought before the jury by this was the charge that Adry had robbed Miss Ging last April when she was out riding with Miss Vedder. The hold-up took place all right, whoever did it.

Turned Over to Lawyer Nye.

The cross examination did not make much impression on Harry so far as it went. He got along very well except to say "My flat" twice in places where he had said on direct examination that he went into his mother's flat. In speaking of where he went after visiting the flat witness said he went directly up Hennepin to Laurel avenue. On the direct examination he had said that he went down Hennepin first, intending to look for Miss Ging at her place of business. Then he took a pointer and showed on a map where he had gone until he reached Bartleson's residence.

It should be stated that a reporter has gone over the route Harry said he took during the time to be accounted for on the fatal evening and finds that it could be done easily.

INCIDENT AT THE DOUGLASS FUNERAL

Last of the Well-Known Hutchinson Family Sings an Abolition Song.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—A touching incident of the funeral services of Frederick Douglass was the tribute paid by John Hutchinson, of Boston, who—himself an extremely aged man, with snowy beard and long white locks reaching down to his shoulders—is said to be the last of the well-known Hutchinson family with whom Douglass was associated in ante-war days. The old man had come all the way from Boston to be present at the funeral and sing an old Abolition song with which, by Douglass' side, he had inspired many an audience in New England and abroad against the evil of slavery.

He made a few reminiscent remarks and then sang the song, as the conclusion of which there were few dry eyes in the audience. The benediction was pronounced by Bishop Williams, of the Colored Methodist church in South Carolina. Instead of diminishing, the crowd which gathered around the front of the church and in the street had increased during the services so that it was almost impossible for the funeral procession to make its way to the carriages outside.

The services were extremely long, and it was after 5 o'clock when they were concluded. The body was escorted to the station by the colorpd letter carriers of the District, as well as by a large number of friends of the deceased and his family. The remains were put on board the 7:10 train for Rochester, N. Y.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 26.—The remains of Frederick Douglass arrived here this morning and lay in state in the city hall until 1:30 p. m. when the funeral services were begun. At 2 p. m. the cortege starten for the cemetery followed by a procession of military and civic organization and civilians.

Discussions of the Women's Council.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The co-operation of the sexes in the work of reforming mankind was discussed in all its phases at the meeting of the National Council of Women. The meeting was quite largely attended and the subject awakened considerable interest among the delegates.

Confirmed by the Senate.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—The senate in executive session confirmed the following consuls: Fred Ellison, of Indiana, at Belise, British Hundurss; William W. Masterson, of Kentucky, at Aden, Arabia; Samuel W. Thomo, of Pennsylvania, at Asuncion, Paraguay

HOLOCAUST AT HOT SPRINGS.

Six Persons Perish in a Fire Which Destroys Much Property.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Feb. 23.—As far as known six people were burned to death and four and a half blocks of the residence and business portions of the city, on Ouachita avenue, were destroyed yesterday. The fire originated in the Ledgerwood bakery. The residence of H. M. Hundgkins and the bakery were destroyed and in ten minutes the fire had spread to half a dozen buildings, and fanned by a strong wind from the north swept everything as tinder before it. The flames crossed the street and the Ouachita hotel and Oaklawn were next burned. Out of nearly 100 houses burned in only half a dozen cases was the furniture saved.

As far as known there have been six persons burned to death, but rumors are rife of others missing and the number of fatalities may be increased to a score when the death roll is called. Among the dead are: Mrs. Mary Sammonson, 70 years old, who was living in the Ledger building; D. W. Wing, of Glenn Falls, N. Y., who escaped the flames at first, but remembered that he had $1,800 in the hotel and rushed back to get it. Before he reached the door his clothing was on fire and he burned to death in sight of thousands of people.

A man named Hill, whose hands were paralyzed, from Chicago, is reported as among the dead; also a negro, name unknown. Mrs. Maggie Hiscock, housekeeper at the Oaklawn, ran out from the rear door, a sheet of flame, and shrieking sank down before help could reach her. How many were lost remains to be seen. The total loss of the conflagration will reach hundreds of thousands of dollars.

SENATOR RANSOM GETS THE PLUM.

Appointed and Confirmed Minister to Mexico, Vice Isaac P. Gray.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—The president nominated Hon. Matt M. Ransom, senator from North Carolina, for minister to Mexico to succeed the late Hon. Isaac P. Gray. The nomination was received by the senate, and few nominations have been received with greater favor. Ransom is an old time member of the senate and personally popular with all its members. An executive session was held and the nomination promptly confirmed.

Natural Gas Explosion.

SHARON, Pa., Feb. 25.—The double residence on the corner Shenango and Reno streets was completely wrecked by natural gas explosion which resulted from the igniting of accumulated gas in the cellar. The residence was occupied by John Ashton and family and Daniel Bryson and family. The injured are: John Ashton, severely burned about the face and body, may die; Jean Bryson, burned about the face and hands; Grace Ashton, burned and one finger almost blown off; Mrs. Dan Bryson, Mrs. John Ashton and Miss Minnie Ashton were slightly injured. All the walls of the house are blown down and several of the inmates were blown out on the street.

Anxiety for a Man-of-War.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 23.—Anxiety is felt in regard to the Mexican man-of-war Liberated, which sailed from Vera Cruz about Feb. 10, for New Orleans, to be docked for repairs. She was due at this port on Feb. 15, but nothing has been heard of her since leaving Vera Cruz. The Liberated is a wooden vessel commanded by Captain Pedro H. Salva; carries seven guns and a crew of fifty men. Heavy northers have been prevailing recently in the gulf, and it is feared that she has either been wrecked or foundered in the gulf and that all on board have been lost.

Morton Approves the Flag Bill.

ALBANY, Feb. 25.—Governor Morton has approved the act to prevent the display of foreign flags upon public buildings in this state. This bill was introduced by Assemblyman Lawson, of New York city, and was the first bill introduced at this session of the legislature in the assembly. It allows foreign flags on occasions of visits of distinguished foreigners.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.

Money on call nominally 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3½@4½ per cent. Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 488½@488¾ for demand and 487@487¼ for sixty days; posted rates 487½@488 and 489@489½.

Silver certificates, 60¼ bid; no sales; bar silver, 60¼. Mexican dollars, 48.

United States government bonds 5's reg. 116; 5's coupons 116; 4's reg. 112½; 4's coupons 112½; 2's reg. 93; Pacific 6's of '95 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—February, opened 50¾c, closed 50¾c; May, opened 52¾c, closed 53⅛c; July, opened 53¾c, closed 54⅛c. Corn—February, nominal, closed 42½c; May, opened 44⅛c, closed 45½c; July, opened 44¼c, closed 44¾c. Oats—February, nominal, closed 23¼c; May, opened 29c, closed 29¼c; June, opened, 29c, closed 29¼c. Pork—February, nominal, closed $10.05; May, opened $10.12½, closed $10.25. Lard—February, opened $6.3?, closed $6.35.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 23½c per lb; fresh dairy, 20c; packing stock, 12@8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 23@27c per doz, loss off. Dressed poultry—Spring chickens, 8½@9c per lb; turkeys, 8½@10c; ducks, 9@13c; geese, 7@10c. Potatoes—Burbanks, good to choice, 50@60c per bu; Hebrons, 33@37c; Early Rose, 32@37c. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, $1.25@2.50 per bbl. Cranberries—Jerseys, $3.50@3.75 per bu. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@14c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c. Apples—Fair to choice, $2.50@4.00 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Feb. 25.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 44,000; sales ranged at $3.90@3.95 pigs, $3.70@4.05 light, $3.9 @3.95 rough packing, $3.80@4.15 mixed, and $4.00@4.30 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 12,000; quotations ranged at $3.15@5.65 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.35@5.05 good to choice do, $4.10@4.70 fair to good, $3.50@4.15 common to medium do, $3.20@3.80 butchers' steers, $2.60@3.30 stockers, $2.35@4.00 feeders, $1.40@2.25 cows, $3.00@4.25 heifers, $1.00@4.25 bulls, $3.00@4.50 Texas steers, and $2.25@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 15,000; sales ranged at $3.00@4.40 westerns, $2.80@3.70 Texans, $2.00@4.50 natives, and $3.25@5.60 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 23.

Wheat—Cash, 61½c; February, 51½c; March, 51¼c; May, 52½c; July, 51½c. Corn—Cash, 41½c; February, 41⅜c asked; May, 42½c bid; July, 42½c nominal. Oats—Cash, 29½c; February, 29½c bid; May, 29½c bid; July, 30c bid. Pork—Jobbing, $10.25. Lard—Prime, $6.25; choice, 6.62.

STATE LAWMAKERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PROCEEDINGS IN THE LEGISLATURE.

What the Senators and Representatives Are Doing for the Benefit of Their Constituents—Bills and Resolutions Introduced—Other News of General Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 21.—The state senate adopted a resolution asking Illinois members to secure an appropriation for improvements at Waukegan harbor. A bill was passed allowing voting precincts containing over 450 voters to be divided into two precincts. The bill giving circuit courts jurisdiction in insurance cases was ordered to third reading. A bill prohibiting the manufacture and sale of cigarettes was introduced, as was one providing for the organization of sanitary districts along rivers subject to overflow. In the house a bill was reported and read the first time providing for the transfer of the custody of the Lincoln monument to the state. Bills were introduced to make the state treasurer's bond $3,000,000, and to prohibit public officers loaning public funds. The bill to amend the libel law was recommitted.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 22.—The senate has adjourned to Saturday evening and the house to Monday morning, today being Washington's birthday. A bill was introduced in the senate providing that habitual drunkards may be sent to Keeley institutes at public expense. A resolution deploring the death of Frederick Douglass was adopted by a rising vote. The bill prohibiting convicts from manufacturing any article that passes into the mouth was sent to third reading. In reply to a bill making it a crime to belong to the A. P. A. a bill has been introduced in the house repealing the act that makes a corporation of the Roman Catholic bishop of Chicago and gives him, as claimed, powers not possessed by other religious officials. A resolution in honor of Frederick Douglass was adopted. The libel bill was made special order for Tuesday.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 25.—Only four members were present when the house met Saturday. Without transacting any business they adjourned till today. In the senate there were only three members present, and adjournment was taken till tomorrow morning.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 26.—When the house convened only about a dozen members were in their seats. Kent introduced a bill that if passed will send the Chicago Board of Trade out of business. By it all such concerns are placed on a footing with bucket shops. A number of bills were read the first time. Adjourned.

TRIED TO KILL THE FAMILY.

Bloody Work Done by a Young Man Who Was Disinherited.

PEKIN, Ills., Feb. 21.—Albert Wallace, a dissipated, reckless young man living with his sister and her husband, O. B. Bolby, twelve miles south of here, shot his sister, her husband, and a boy living with the family. The shooting was done with a double-barreled shotgun, and the wounds inflicted are thought to be fatal in the case of the husband, who is shot through the head.

The trouble leading up to the tragedy is of long duration, growing out of the disinheriting of Wallace by his father, who was killed in 1890, in favor of Mrs. Bolby. The murderer came to Pekin after the shooting and surrendered to the sheriff, who placed him in jail.

Report on Illinois Militia.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 23.—Lieutenant D. J. Baker, Jr., of the Twelfth infantry, United States army, has completed the report for the war department at Washington of the action of the Illinois National guard, during the labor troubles last year. The report, which has been forwarded to Washington, deals exhaustively with the circumstances of the miners' and railroad men's strikes in the state last summer, and gives the militia much credit for the efficient manner in which they handled the unruly elements that destroyed life and property during those troublous times.

Has Had All He Deserved.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 22.—The governor has pardoned William Cozzens from Joliet penitentiary. He was sent from Champaign county in 1876 for life for complicity in murder. The governor says the ends of justice have been subserved. A man named White, who committed the deed, only received twenty-five years and has since died.

Ex-Governor Oglesby Seriously Ill.

LINCOLN, Ills., Feb. 21.—General Oglesby suffered a relapse, being attacked with heart failure. The family physician pronounced him in a critical condition. Fears are entertained that he will die suddenly, although the veteran scouts death and hopes to recover.

Notes of the State.

In Bloomington, Ills., a verdict of $5,000 was awarded to Miss Beebe, administratrix of Ira Beebe, who was killed by falling from an Illinois Central box car at Wenona, Ills. Carelessness was alleged on the part of the defendant.

The ice harvest just closed at Alton, Ills., is the greatest for many years. There have been 125,000 tons stored in houses and 2,000 car loads have been shipped to other points.

Two young ladies have been expelled from the Rockford (Ills.) college because they "played hookey" to go to a dance.

The University Christian association at Champaign, Ills., has raised $22,000 for a Y. M. C. A. building. A lot has been secured and $10,000 more is needed.

Medical staff of the Burnham hospital at Champaign, Ills., refused to serve longer because of the appointment of Dr. C. F. Hough, who is alleged to advertise.

Business Block Destroyed.

PRESCOTT, A. T., Feb. 25.—An entire block in the business section was destroyed by fire originating in The Picayune office. The entire plant of The Picayune, including subscription books, was lost; also J. O. Howell's drug store building and stock, $8,000, without insurance, and the stores of Hamilton Shearp and McMillion & Johnson, $3,000; insurance, $3,000. The total loss will reach $45,000 with less than $8,000 insurance.

Monument to General Sherman.

LANCASTER, O., Feb. 25.—A movement has been set on foot by citizens of this place to secure means to erect a monument to General W. T. Sherman. The plan adopted is what is known as the link chain letter system.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Feb. 20.

Mrs. Mansfield, wife of Richard Mansfield, was severely injured at Milwaukee. A switch engine ran into her private car, throwing her to the floor unconscious.

Ex-State Senator Jason Rogers, of Decatur, Ills., lies in a hopelessly critical condition at the Wesley hospital, Twenty-fifth and Dearborn streets, Chicago.

Frederick MacMonnies, the sculptor, has thrown up the job of designing the groups for the Indiana soldiers' monument because he wanted to substitute naval achievements instead of "Peace" for one group, and the Indiana commission would not permit it.

The Richmond State proposes that if congress be asked to make Lincoln's birthday a national holiday it also be requested to make one of Lee's birthday.

Vincenzo Nino, a barber of New York, in the presence of his two children, cut his wife's throat from ear to ear. He is a worthless fellow, and she had been trying to support the family for a year.

The barkentine Sadie Thompson, bound for Philadelphia with a cargo of sugar valued at $100,000, was wrecked in the Bahamas.

Thursday, Feb. 21.

The German reichstag has repealed the anti-Jesuit law.

The Missouri house has passed a bill to remove the state capitol to Sedalia if that town will erect better and more beautiful state buildings than now exist at Jefferson City.

The magazine of a fort at Takao, Island of Formosa, exploded, killing 2,000 Chinese soldiers and wounding hundreds of others.

The California winemakers corporation has just completed a deal whereby it buys 19,000,000 gallons of wine and leases six of the largest wineries in the state.

Daniel Benton, alias William Newby, the alleged pension swindler, has been ordered recommitted to the Chester, Ills., prison.

Iowa farmers are worried over the fact that the income tax law covers co-operative creameries, and are arguing that to tax the income of these institutions is a tax on labor.

Friday, Feb. 22.

The silver men in the senate will fight the proposed certificates of indebtedness which some senators want put in as a rider on an appropriation bill, just as the Republicans fought the silver bill, which means defeat. Meantime Secretary Carlisle says he hasn't any use for the certificates.

Boatner has proposed as a settlement of the Pacific railways' financial relations with the government that the railways pay what they owe as to principal in cash, and give bonds at 2 per cent for the interest.

Mrs. James Brown Potter is said to be anxious to secure a divorce, but insists on retaining the name under which she has achieved her position on the stage.

A row over 30 cents in a negro gambling house at Velasco, Tex., resulted in William Armstrong killing Julius McCane and badly wounding Will Clark.

Frederick Ackerman, a farmer living near Thomasboro, Ills., was found dead in his stable. It is supposed that while he was going among the horses he was thrown down and trampled to death.

Driver Robert Poff was thrown under his engine and killed while responding to an alarm of fire at Nashua, N. H.

Saturday, Feb. 23.

Ward McAllister left personal property valued at $10,000. He had no real estate.

An English chemist has discovered a new solvent for gold. The solvent consists in adding to potassium cyanide a portion of bromide of cyanogen, a salt which has hitherto had no commercial use.

The Denver Times suggests holding a mining and industrial exposition in Denver in 1896, when Colorado will celebrate the twentieth anniversary of her admission to statehood and the country will have been a republic at that time just 120 years.

E. W. Hunt, who was to have been hanged for wife murder at Sherman, Tex., has had his sentence commuted to life imprisonment.

Fire in Arbuckle Bros.' coffee mill at Brooklyn caused $300,000 damage.

Dennis Dunn, a Bull Hill man, who was engaged in the Cripple Creek war, has been found guilty of assault with intent to kill Captain Defenbaugh, of the Colorado National guards, last July.

Monday, Feb. 25.

E. P. Kearns, collector of internal revenue at Pittsburg, is slated for removal by the knowing ones at Washington, because he has levied political assessments on his clerks and done other things he should not have done—so it is charged.

Five prisoners broke out of the jail at Canton, O.; two returned voluntarily; the others are at large.

Because the Old Dominion Jockey club showed a disposition to practice winter racing the American Turf congress, sitting at Cincinnati, refused it a license to race under the Turf congress rules.

Six masked robbers broke into the home of Miss Jane Morrison, living near Zanesville, O., bound and gagged all the occupants, robbed the house of $200 in money, a certificate of deposit for a large sum and a gold watch, and then got away.

Mrs. Rosa Kapoun, aged 60, committed suicide at Pontiac, Wis., by hanging.

For Tired Mothers

"I feel very thankful for what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. I have taken three bottles and the medicine has made a great change. I was **All Run Down** from trouble and overwork, and had other complaints common to my sex at my age, 44 years. Now since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I am much stronger and am gaining in flesh. I would advise all **overworked, tired, weak mothers** to take Hood's Sarsaparilla to build them up." MRS. G. W. WARSOCK, Beverly, Nebraska.

Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER V.

Before 7 o'clock that same morning Captain Chester had come to the conclusion that only one course was left open for him. After the brief talk with Sloat at the office he had increased the perplexity and distress of that easily muddled soldier by requesting his company in a brief visit to the stables and corrals. A "square" and reliable old veteran was the quartermaster sergeant who had charge of those establishments. Chester had known him for years, and his fidelity and honesty were matters the officers of his former regiment could not too highly commend. When Sergeant Parks made an official statement, there was no shaking its solidity. He slept in a little box of a house close by the entrance to the main stable, which were kept the private horses several of the officers, and among them Mr. Jerrold's, and it was his boast that day or night no horse left that stable without his knowledge. The old man was superintending the morning labors of the stable hands and looked up in surprise at so early a visit from the officer of the day.

"Were you here all last night, sergeant?" was Chester's abrupt question.

"Certainly, sir, and up until 1 o'clock or more."

"Were any horses out during the night—any officers' horses, I mean?"

"No, sir, not one."

"I thought possibly some officers might have driven or ridden to town."

"No, sir. The only horses that crossed this threshold going out last night were Mr. Sutton's team from town. They were put up here until near 1 o'clock, and then the doctor sent for them. I locked up right after that and can swear nothing else went out."

Chester entered the stable and looked curiously around. Presently his eye lighted on a tall, rangy bay horse that was being groomed in a wide stall near the doorway.

"That's Mr. Jerrold's Roderick, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. He's fresh as a daisy too. Hasn't been out for three days, and Mr. Jerrold's going to drive the dogcart this morning."

Chester turned away.

"Sloat," said he as they left the stable, "if Mr. Jerrold was away from the post last night—and you heard me say he was out of his quarters—could he have gone any way except afoot after what you heard Park say?"

"Gone in the Suttons' outfit, I suppose," was Sloat's cautious answer.

"In which event he would have been seen by the sentry at the bridge, would he not?"

"Ought to have been certainly."

"Then we'll go back to the guardhouse." And wonderingly and uncomfortably Sloat followed. He had long since begun to wish he had held his peace and said nothing about the confounded roll call. He hated rows of any kind. He didn't like Jerrold, but he would have crawled ventre a terre across the wide parade sooner than see a scandal in the regiment he loved, and it was becoming apparent to his sluggish faculties that it was no mere matter of absence from quarters that was involving Jerrold. Chester was all aflame over that picture business, he remembered, and the whole drift of his present investigation was to prove that Jerrold was not absent from his post, but absent only from his quarters. If so, where had he spent his time until nearly 4? Sloat's heart was heavy with vague apprehension. He knew that Jerrold had borne Alice Renwick away from the party at an unusually early hour for such things to break up. He knew that he and others had protested against such desertion, but she declared it could not be helped. He remembered another thing—a matter that he thought of at the time, only from another point of view. It now seemed to have significance bearing on this very matter, for Chester suddenly asked:

"Wasn't it rather odd that Miss Beaubien was not here at the dance? She has never missed one, seems to me, since Jerrold began spooning with her last year."

"Why, she was here."

"She was? Are you sure? Rollins never spoke of it, and we had been talking of her. I inferred from what he said that she was not there at all. And I saw her drive homeward with her mother right after parade, so it didn't occur to me that she could have come out again all that distance in time for the dance. Singular! Why shouldn't Rollins have told me?"

Sloat grinned. A dreary sort of smile it was too. "You go into society so seldom you don't see these things. I've more than half suspected Rollins of being quite ready to admire Miss Beaubien himself, and since Jerrold dropped her he has had plenty of opportunity."

"Great guns! I never thought of it! If I'd known she was to be there, I'd have gone myself last night. How did she behave to Miss Renwick?"

"Why, sweet and smiling and chipper as you please. If anything, I think Miss Renwick was cold and distant to her. I couldn't make it out at all."

"And did Jerrold dance with her?"

"Once, I think, and they had a talk out on the piazza—just a minute. I happened to be at the door and couldn't help seeing it, and what got me was this: Mr. Hall came out with Miss Renwick on his arm. They were chatting and laughing as they passed me, but the moment she caught sight of Jerrold and Miss Beaubien she stopped and said: 'I think I won't stay out here. It's too chilly,' or something like it, and went right in, and then Jerrold dropped Miss Beaubien and went after her. He just handed the young lady over to me, saying he was engaged for the next dance, and skipped."

"How did she like that? Wasn't she furious?"

"No. That's another thing that got me. She smiled after him, all sweetness, and—well, she did say: 'I count upon you. You'll be there,' and he nodded. Oh, she was bright as a button after that!"

"What did she mean? Be 'where,' do you suppose? Sloat, this all means more to me and to us all than I can explain."

"I don't know. I can't imagine."

"Was it to see her again that night?"

"I don't know at all. If it was, he fooled her, for he never went near her again. Rollins put her in the carriage."

"Whose? Did she come with the Suttons?"

"Why, certainly. I thought you knew that."

"And neither old Mme. Beaubien nor Mrs. Sutton with them? What was the old squaw thinking of?"

By this time they had neared the guardhouse, where several of the men were seated awaiting the call for the next relief. All arose at the shout of the sentry on No. 1 turning out the guard for the officer of the day. Chester made hurried and impatient acknowledgment of the salute and called to the sergeant to send him the sentry who was at the bridge at 1 o'clock. It turned out to be a young soldier who had enlisted at the post only six months before and was already known as one of the most intelligent and promising candidates for a corporalship in the garrison.

"Were you on duty at the bridge at 1 o'clock, Carey?" asked the captain.

"I was, sir. My relief went on at 11:45 and came off at 1:45."

"What persons passed your post during that time?"

"There was a squad or two of men coming back from town on pass. I halted them, sir, and Corporal Murray came down and passed them in."

"I don't mean coming from town. Who went the other way?"

"Only one carriage, sir—Mr. Sutton's."

"Could you see who were in it?"

"Certainly, sir. It was right under the lamppost this end of the bridge that I stood when I challenged. Lieutenant Rollins answered for them and passed them out. 'He was sitting beside Mr. Sutton as they drove up, then jumped out and gave me the countersign and bade them good night right there."

"Rollins again," thought Chester. "Why did he keep this from me?"

"Who were in the carriage?" he asked.

"Mr. Sutton, sir, on the front seat, driving, and two young ladies on the back seat."

"Nobody else?"

"Not a soul, sir. I could see in it plain as day. One lady was Miss Sutton and the other Miss Beaubien. I know I was surprised at seeing the latter, because she drove home in her own carriage last evening right after parade. I was on post there at that hour, too, sir. The second relief is on from 5:45 to 7:45."

"That will do, Carey. I see your relief is forming now."

As the officers walked away and Sloat silently plodded along beside his dark browed senior the latter turned to him:

"I should say that there was no way in which Mr. Jerrold could have gone townward last night. Should not you?"

"He might have crossed the bridge while the third relief was on and got a horse at the other side."

"He didn't do that, Sloat. I had already questioned the sentry on that relief. It was the third that I inspected and visited this morning."

"Well, how do you know he wanted to go to town? Why couldn't he have gone up the river or out to the range? Perhaps there was a little game of 'draw' out at camp."

"There was no light in camp, much less a little game of draw, after 11 o'clock. You know well enough that there is nothing of that kind going on with Gaines in command. That isn't Jerrold's game, even if those fellows were bent on ruining their eyesight and nerve and spoiling the chance of getting the men on the division and army teams. I wish it were his game instead of what it is."

"Still, Chester, he may have been out in the country somewhere. You seem bent on the conviction he was up to mischief here around this post. I won't ask you what you mean, but there's more than one way of getting to town if a man wants to very bad."

"How? Of course he can take a skiff and row down the river, but he'd never be back in time for reveille. There goes 6 o'clock, and I must get home and shave and think this over. Keep your own counsel, no matter who asks you. If you hear any questions or talk about shooting last night, you know nothing, heard nothing and saw nothing."

"Shooting last night?" exclaimed Sloat, all agog with eagerness and excitement now. "Where was it? Who was it?"

But Chester turned a deaf ear upon him and walked away. He wanted to see Rollins and went straight home.

"Why didn't you tell me Miss Beaubien was out here last night?" was the question he asked as soon as he had entered the room where, all aglow from his cold bath, the youngster was dressing for breakfast. He colored vividly, then laughed.

"Well, you never gave me much chance to say anything, did you? You talked all the time, as I remember, and suddenly vanished and slammed the door. I would have told you had you asked me." But all the same it was evident for the first time that here was a subject Rollins was shy of mentioning.

"Did you go down and see them across sentry post?"

"Certainly. Jerrold asked me to. He said he had to take Miss Renwick home and was too tired to come back—was going to turn in. I was glad to do anything to be civil to the Suttons."

"Why, I'd like to know? They have never invited you to the house or shown you any attention whatever. You are not their style at all, Rollins, and I'm glad of it. It wasn't for their sake you staid there until 1 o'clock instead of being here in bed. I wish"—and he looked wistfully, earnestly at his favorite now—"I wish I could think it wasn't for the sake of Miss Beaubien's black eyes and aboriginal beauty."

"Look here, captain," said Rollins, with another rush of color to his face, "you don't seem to fancy Miss Beaubien, and—she's a friend of mine, and one I don't like to hear slightingly spoken of. You said a good deal last night that—well, wasn't pleasant to hear."

"I know it, Rollins. I beg your pardon. I didn't know then that you were more than slightly acquainted with her. I'm an old bat and go out very little,

"Why didn't you tell me Miss Beaubien was out here last night?"

but some things are pretty clear to my eyes, and—don't you be falling in love with Nina Beaubien. That is no match for you."

"I'm sure you never had a word to say against her father. The old colonel was a perfect type of the French gentleman, from all I hear."

"Yes, and her mother is as perfect a type of a Chippewa squaw, if she is only a half breed and claims to be only a sixteenth. Rollins, there's Indian blood enough in Nina Beaubien's little finger to make me afraid of her. She is strong as death in love or hate, and you must have seen how she hung on Jerrold's every word all last winter. You must know she is not the girl to be lightly dropped now."

"She told me only a day or two ago they were the best of friends and had never been anything else," said Rollins hotly.

"Has it gone that far, my boy? I had not thought it so bad by any means. It's no use talking with a man who has lost his heart. His reason goes with it." And Chester turned away.

"You don't know anything about it," was all poor Rollins could think of as a suitable thing to shout after him, and it made no more impression than it deserved.

As has been said, Captain Chester had decided before 7 o'clock that but one course lay open to him in the matter now developed. Had Armitage been there he would have had an adviser, but there was no other man whose counsel he cared to seek. Old Captain Gray was as bitter against Jerrold as Chester himself and with even better reason, for he knew well the cause of his little daughter's listless manner and tearful eyes. She had been all radiance and joy at the idea of coming to Sibley and being near the great cities, but not one happy look had he seen in her sweet and wistful face since the day of her arrival. Wilton, too, was another captain who disliked Jerrold, and Chester's rugged sense of fair play told him that it was not among the enemies of the young officer that he should now seek advice, but that if he had a friend among the older and wiser heads in the regiment it was due to him that that older and wiser head be given a chance to think a little for Jerrold's sake. And there was not one among the seniors whom he could call upon. As he ran over their names Chester for the first time realized that his ex-subaltern had not a friend among the captains and senior officers now on duty at the fort. His indifference to duties, his airy foppishness, his conceit and self sufficiency, had all served to create a feeling against him, and this had been intensified by his conduct since coming to Sibley. The youngsters still kept up jovial relations with and professed to like him, but among the seniors there were many men who had only a nod for him on meeting. Wilton had epitomized the situation by saying he "had no use for a masher," and poor old Gray had one day scowlingly referred to him as "the professional beauty."

In view of all this feeling, Chester would gladly have found some man to counsel further delay, but there was none. He felt that he must inform the colonel at once of the fact that Mr. Jerrold was absent from his quarters at the time of the firing, of his belief that it was Jerrold who struck him and sped past the sentry in the dark, and of his conviction that the sooner the young officer was called to account for his strange conduct the better. As to the episodes of the ladder, the lights and the form at the dormer window, he meant, for the present at least, to lock them in his heart.

But he forgot that others, too, must have heard those shots, and that others, too, would be making inquiries.

CHAPTER VI.

A lovely morning it was that beamed on Sibley and the broad and beautiful valley of the Cloudwater when once the sun got fairly above the moist horizon. Mist and vapor and heavy cloud all seemed swallowed up in the gathering, glowing warmth, as though the king of day had risen athirst and drained the welcoming cup of nature. It must have rained at least a little during the darkness of the night, for dew there could have been none with skies so heavily overcast, and yet the short, smooth turf on the parade, the leaves upon the little shade trees around the quadrangle and all the beautiful vines here on the trelliswork of the colonel's veranda shone and sparkled in the radiant light. The roses in the little garden and the old fashioned morning glory vines over at the east side were all aglitter in the flooding sunshine when the bugler came out from a glance at the clock in the adjutant's office and sounded "sick call" to the indifferent ear of the garrison.

Once each day at 7:30 a. m. the doctor trudged across to the hospital and looked over the half dozen "hopelessly healthy" but would be invalids who wanted to get off guard duty or a morning at the range. Thanks to the searching examination to which every soldier must be subjected before he can enter the service of Uncle Sam and to the disciplined order of the lives of the men at Sibley, maladies of any serious nature were almost unknown. It was a gloriously healthy post, as everybody admitted, and, to judge from the specimen of young womanhood that came singing "blithe and low" out among the roses this same joyous morning, exuberant well being was not restricted to the men.

A fairer picture never did dark beauty present than Alice Renwick as she bent among the bushes or reached high among the vines in search of her favorite flowers—tall, slender, willowy, yet with exquisitely rounded form; slim, dainty little hands and feet; graceful arms and wrists, all revealed in the flowing sleeves of her snowy, weblike gown, fitting her and displaying her sinuous grace of form as gowns so seldom do today. And then her face—a glorious picture of rich, ripe, tropical beauty, with its great soulful, sunlit eyes, heavily shaded though they were with those wondrous lashes; beautiful, too, in contour, as was the lithe body. And beautiful in every feature, even to the rare and dewy curve of her red lips, half opened as she sang. She was smiling to herself as she crooned her soft, murmuring melody, and every little while the great dark eyes glanced over toward the shaded doors of bachelors' row. There was no one up to watch and tell. Why should she not look thither and even stand one moment peering under the veranda at a darkened window half way down the row, as though impatient at the nonappearance of some familiar signal? How came the laggard late? How slept the knight while here his lady stood impatient? She twined the leaves and roses in a fragrant knot, ran lightly within and laid them on the snowy cloth beside the colonel's seat at table, came forth and plucked some more and fastened them, blushing, blissful, in the lace fringed opening of her gown, through which, soft and creamy, shone the perfect neck.

"Daisy, tell my fortune, pray!
He loves me not—he loves me,"

she blithely sang, then, hurrying to the gate, shaded her eyes with the shapely hand and gazed intently. 'Twas nearing 8—nearing breakfast time. But some one was coming. Horrid! Captain Chester, of all men! Coming, of course, to see papa, and papa not down yet, and mamma had a headache and had decided not to come down at all—she would breakfast in her room. What girl on earth, when looking and longing and waiting for the coming of a graceful youth of 26, would be anything but dismayed at the substitution therefor of a bulky, heavy hearted captain of 46, no matter if he were still unmarried? And yet her smile was sweet and cordial.

"Why, good morning, Captain Chester. I'm so glad to see you this bright day. Do come in and let me give you a rose. Papa will soon be down." And

"Do come in and let me give you a rose."

she opened the gate and held forth one long, slim hand. He took it slowly, as though in a dream, raising his forage cap at the same time, yet making no reply. He was looking at her far more closely than he imagined. How fresh, how radiant, how fair and gracious and winning! Every item of her attire was so pure and white and spotless; every fold and curve of her gown seemed charged with subtle, delicate fragrance, as faint and sweet as the shy and modest wood violet's. She noted his silence and his haggard eyes. She noted the intent gaze, and the color mounted straightway to her forehead

"And have you no word of greeting for me?" she blithely laughed, striving to break through the awkwardness of his reserve, "or are you worn out with your night watch as officer of the day?"

He fairly started. Had she seen him then? Did she know it was he who stood beneath her window; he who leaped in chase of that scoundrel; he who stole away with that heavy telltale ladder? And knowing all this, could she stand there smiling in his face, the incarnation of maiden innocence and beauty? Impossible! Yet what could she mean?

"How did you know I had so long a vigil?" he asked, and the cold, strained tone, the half averted eyes, the pallor of his face, all struck her at once. Instantly her manner changed.

"Oh, forgive me, captain. I see you are all worn out, and I'm keeping you here at the gate. Come to the piazza and sit down. I'll tell papa you are here, for I know you want to see him." And she tripped lightly away before he could reply and rustled up the stairs. He could hear her light tap at the colonel's door and her soft, clear, flutelike voice, "Papa, Captain Chester is here to see you."

Papa, indeed! She spoke to him and of him as though he were her own. He treated her as though she were his flesh and blood—as though he loved her devotedly. Even before she came had not they been prepared for this? Did not Mrs. Maynard tell him that Alice had become enthusiastically devoted to her stepfather and considered him the most knightly and chivalric hero she had ever seen? He could hear the colonel's hearty and loving tone in reply, and then she came fluttering down again.

"Papa will be with you in five minutes, captain. But won't you let me give you some coffee? It's all ready, and you look so tired, even ill."

"I have had a bad night," he answered, "but I'm growing old and cannot stand sleeplessness as you young people seem to."

Was she faltering? He watched her eagerly, narrowly, almost wonderingly. Not a trace of confusion, not a sign of fear, and yet had he not seen her and that other figure?

"I wish you could sleep as I do," was the prompt reply. "I was in the land of dreams 10 minutes after my head touched the pillow, and mamma made me come home early last night because of our journey today. You know we are going down to visit Aunt Grace, Colonel Maynard's sister, at Lake Sablon, and mamma wanted me to be looking my freshest and best," she said, "and I never heard a thing till reveille."

His eyes, sad, penetrating, doubting, yet self doubting, too, searched her very soul. Unflinchingly the dark orbs looked into his, even pityingly, for she quickly spoke again:

"Captain, do come into the breakfast room and have some coffee. You have not breakfasted, I'm sure."

He raised his hand as though to repel her offer, even to put her aside. He must understand her. He could not be hoodwinked in this way.

"Pardon me, Miss Renwick, but did you hear nothing strange last night or early this morning? Were you not disturbed at all?"

"I? No, indeed!" True, her face had changed now, but there was no fear in her eyes. It was a look of apprehension, perhaps of concern and curiosity mingled, for his tone betrayed that something had happened which caused him agitation.

"And you heard no shots fired?"

"Shots! No! Oh, Captain Chester, what does it mean? Who was shot? Tell me!"

And now, with paling face and wild apprehension in her eyes, she turned and gazed beyond him, past the vines and the shady veranda, across the sunshine of the parade and under the old piazza, searching that still closed and darkened window.

"Who?" she implored, her hands clasping nervously, her eyes returning eagerly to his face.

"It was not Mr. Jerrold," he answered coldly. "He is unhurt, so far as shot is concerned."

"Then how is he hurt? Is he hurt at all?" she persisted, and then as she met his gaze her eyes fell, and the burning blush of maiden shame surged up to her forehead. She sank upon a seat and covered her face with her hands.

"I thought of Mr. Jerrold naturally. He said he would be over early this morning," was all she could find to say.

"I have seen him and presume he will come. To all appearances, he is the last man to suffer from last night's affair," he went on relentlessly, almost brutally, but she never winced. "It is odd you did not hear the shots. I thought yours was the northwest room—this one," he indicated, pointing overhead.

"So it is, and I slept there all last night and heard nothing—not a thing. Do tell me what the trouble was."

Then what was there for him to say? The colonel's footsteps were upon the stair, and the colonel, with extended hand and beaming face and cheery welcome, came forth from the open doorway.

"Welcome, Chester! I'm glad you've come just in time for breakfast. Mrs. Maynard won't be down. She slept badly last night and is sleeping now. What was the firing last night? I did not hear it at the time, but the orderly and old Maria, the cook, were discussing it as I was shaving."

"It is that I came to see you about, colonel. I am the man to hold responsible."

"No prisoners got away, I hope?"

"No, sir. Nothing, I fear, that would seem to justify my action. I ordered No. 5 to fire."

"Why what on earth could have happened around there—almost back of us?" said the colonel in surprise.

"I do not know what had happened or what was going to happen." And Chester paused a moment and glanced toward the door, through which Miss Renwick had retired as soon as the colonel arrived. The old soldier seemed to understand the glance. "She would not listen," he said proudly.

"I know," explained Chester. "I think it best that no one but you should hear anything of the matter for the present until I have investigated further. It was nearly half past 3 this morning as I got around here on 5's post, inspecting sentinels, and came suddenly in the darkness upon a man carrying a ladder on his shoulder. I ordered him to halt. The reply was a violent blow, and the ladder and I were dropped at the same instant, while the man sprang into space and darted off in the direction of No. 5. I followed quick as I could, heard the challenge and the cries of halt and shouted to Leary to fire. He did, but missed his aim in the haste and darkness, and the man got safely away. Of course there is much talk and speculation about it around the post this morning, for several people heard the shots besides the guard, and, although I told Leary and others to say nothing, I know it is already generally known."

"Oh, well, come in to breakfast," said the colonel. "We'll talk it over there."

"Pardon me, sir, I cannot. I must get back home before guard mount, and Rollins is probably waiting to see me now. I—I could not discuss it at the table, for there are some singular features about the matter."

"Why, in God's name, what?" asked the colonel, with a sudden and deep anxiety.

"Well, sir, an officer of the garrison is placed in a compromising position by this affair and cannot or will not explain."

"Who?"

"Mr. Jerrold, sir."

"Jerrold! Why, I got a note from him not 10 minutes ago saying he had an engagement in town and asking permission to go before guard mounting, if Mr. Hall was ready. Hall wanted to go with him, Jerrold wrote, but Hall has not applied for permission to leave the post."

"It is Jerrold who is compromised, colonel. I may be all wrong in my suspicions, all wrong in reporting the matter to you at all, but in my perplexity and distress I see no other way. Frankly, the moment I caught sight of the man he looked like Jerrold, and two minutes after the shots were fired I inspected Jerrold's quarters. He was not there, though the lamps were burning very low in the bedroom, and his bed had not been occupied at all. When you see Leary, sir, he will tell you that he also thought it must be Mr. Jerrold."

"The young scapegrace! Been off to town, I suppose."

"Colonel," said Chester quickly, "you—not I—must decide that. I went to his quarters after reveille, and he was then there and resented my visit and questions, admitted that he had been out during the night, but refused to make any statement to me."

"Well, Chester, I will haul him up after breakfast. Possibly he had been up to the rifle camp or had driven to town after the doctor's party. Of course that must be stopped, but I'm glad you missed him. It of course staggers a man's judgment to be knocked down, but if you had killed him it might have been as serious for you as this knockdown blow will be for him. That is the worst phase of the matter. What could he have been thinking of? He must have been either drunk or mad, and he rarely drank. Oh, dear, dear, dear, but that's very bad—very bad—striking the officer of the day! Why, Chester, that's the worst thing that's happened in the regiment since I took command of it. It's about the worst thing that could have happened to us. Of course he must go in arrest. I'll see the adjutant right after breakfast. I'll be over early, Chester." And with grave and worried face the colonel bade him adieu.

As he turned away Chester heard him saying again to himself, "About the worst thing he could have done—the worst thing he could have done!" And the captain's heart sank within him. What would the colonel say when he knew how far, far worse was the foul wrong Mr. Jerrold had done to him and his?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Amenities of War.

Archibald Forbes, in an article in Scribner's Magazine, says that the abstract theory of the "amenities of war" is preposterous. You strain every effort to reduce your adversary to impotence. He falls wounded, whereupon, should he come into your hands, you promptly devote all your exertions to saving his life and restoring him to health and vigor in order that he may go home and swell the ranks of your enemy. This is no doubt humanity, but it is supremely illogical.

Marbot recounts in his memoirs perhaps the most absurd application ever made of the theory of the "amenities." In the battle of Austerlitz a body of beaten Russians, about 5,000 strong, strove to escape across the ice on the Satschan lake. Napoleon ordered his artillery to fire on the ice, which was shattered, and men and horses slowly settled down into the depths, only a few escaping by means of poles and ropes thrown out from shore by the French.

Next morning Napoleon, riding round the positions, saw a wounded Russian officer clinging to an ice floe 100 yards out and entreating help. The emperor became intensely interested in the succor of the man. After many failures Marbot and another officer stripped and swam out, gradually brought the ice floe toward the shore and laid the Russian at Napoleon's feet.

The emperor evinced more delight at this rescue than he had manifested when assured of the victory of Austerlitz. He had no compunction as to the fate of the unfortunates whom his artillery practice of the day before had sent to their death.

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CHICAGO, MARCH 2, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Princess Bonnie."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street between Dearborn and Clark—Sadie Martinot in "The Passport."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Thomas Keene.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—H. Beerbohm Tree.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"1492."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—"His Grace de Grammont."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"Old Glory."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"South Before the War."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

MAX MULLER'S DISAGREEABLE NOISE

Prof. Max Muller, of Oxford University, England, notwithstanding his blunt, honest German name, knows how to "butter up" Anglo-American tuft-hunters in a manner that would suggest not infrequent visits to Blarney Castle, county Cork, Ireland, to which all Irish politicians resort before they go over to England to preach the "Union of Hearts." Said Prof. Max to the "American Historical Pilgrims" (mostly the children of honest Yankee farmers or tradesmen, filled with British balloon elixir):

"In conclusion let me say that I am a very old showman at Oxford University, and I may say truly that there are no strangers that I like so much to conduct personally over Oxford as the Americans. They seem to know what to look for—they want to see the colleges of Locke, of Adam Smith, of Shelley, of Stanley, and they thoroughly enjoy what they see. They feel at home at Oxford, and they speak of it as their own university, as the glorious nursery of those men whose example has made America as great as she is. They have come on what they call a pilgrimage to England—and it is quite right that the land of their fathers should be to them a holy land. After all, the glories of England are theirs—their fathers fought its battles by land and by sea; their fathers made it a home of freedom; their fathers, when freedom of word and thought and deed seemed threatened for a while, protested, and migrated to found a New England on the other side of the Atlantic.

"But blood is thicker than water, thicker even than the Atlantic. With every year the old feeling of brotherhood asserts itself more strongly between Americans and Englishmen, between the Old and the New England. I have many friends in America, not one who is not a friend of England, not one who does not feel that in the struggle for political and religious freedom which looms in the future, Englishmen and Americans should always stand shoulder to shoulder, should form one united people. Whatever may be said against England—and a good deal has been said against her by what I heard an American ambassador call, the other day, 'the mischievous boy of the family,' always the most popular with mothers, sisters and cousins, if not with fathers and aunts—but whatever has been or may be said against England, can you imagine what the world would be without England? And do you believe that New England, Young England, would ever stand by with folded arms to see Old England touched, so long as a drop of Saxon blood was left in the veins of her soldiers and sailors?"

The good old professor seems to forget that Young England, as he calls us, licked the deil out of Old England on two memorable occasions, and did not seem to be a bit shocked at the idea of matricide. To be sure Old England attempted infanticide upon us—perhaps because blood is thicker than water. Prof. Muller makes the usual British mistake of supposing that America is, as a majority, "Saxon." That there is "Saxon" blood here we must admit. We are forced to admit it, because, otherwise, there would not be so many blamed fools in this country. Among the latter may be classed the "Historical Pilgrims," who squeezed Dr. Muller's gas-meter, and made him emit so much unpleasant vapor in the sacred precincts of Oxford University.

Dr. Muller must have pounded his friendship to the snobocracy of the United States, if he says he never met an American who was not a friend of England. If he had said a friend of decent English people he would have been much more correct. There is much in English literature that all nations admire, but how, in the name of commonsense, can a nation that is indebted for its vast population and tremendous development to all Europe, take an exclusive pride in the literature of a country which has been her only foreign debt? Did Dr. Muller ever visit the average American farmer in his modest home? It is in the rural districts of this splendid country that the Doctor would meet the real American patriot—with malice toward none, but with infinite contempt for countries where, as in England, kingcraft reigns at the expense of the common people.

If England ever gets into trouble it will be through her own misdeeds—she is always the aggressor. Who would America fight against in protection of the old Baby Farmer that tried to strangle her in the cradle? Against France that rescued her? No. Against Germany that floated her Union bonds, when the cabinet-ministers of England invested in Rebel bonds? No. Against Russia that sent her fleet into the harbors of New York and San Francisco, as a sign of alliance, when England sent her Grenadier Guards to Canada at the time of the Trent affair? No. Against Ireland? Well, from a present military standpoint, poor Ireland is out of the question, but again the answer is, No! Name any power in the world and still the answer will be the same. The old Baby Farmer of an Empire can't hoodwink America. Stay, the devil might arise in England to claim his own. Then might the "Saxon" blood of this country be relied upon to protect England from Satan? No!

LIONS CHASE A RAT.

A renegade priest, named Slattery, who openly and notoriously, to the great scandal not alone of religion but of common decency, consorts with a woman whom he presumes to call his wife, has been doing the devil's work in Savannah, Ga., by outrageous attacks on the church he has abandoned for the flesh. A renegade Irishman is a thing so low that even Satan might hesitate before according him accommodation in the Plutonian kitchen, but a renegade priest—smells to heaven and pollutes the earth. These creatures have become all too common in this country. The revolted "priest" and the "ex-nun" have become an old story in America. They are generally patronized by unthinking persons of Protestant belief, who do not stop to ask themselves, Why have these people left the original fold? Catholics know only too well that unfrocked priests are chiefly victims of drink or debauchery of some kind. Some repent and return, but the majority do not. Slattery is one of the latter type. He is a disgrace to his name, his race and his new found creed, if he has any. He will die howling for mercy from the God he has offended and the church he has outraged. This has been the end of others of his kind.

But why should the Catholics of Savannah, Ga., get into a rage over the mouthings of this wretched being? What harm can he do them or the church, which has calmly withstood the storms of ages? Can the church that has not bent before giants be agitated by pigmies? Southern blood is hot, much hotter than that of the North, and allowance must be made for its vehemence, but, on the whole, the spectacle at Savannah suggested a crowd of lions chasing a mangy rodent. The more they chase Slattery, the more the bigots will glorify him. Let him remain a rat.

DISGRACEFUL INJUSTICE.

Nearly two hundred otherwise fairly efficient policemen of this city were dropped from the rolls by Chief Brennan this week, because they failed to pass the civil service examination ordered by the board of police commissioners. Nine who failed to pass were retained because of records for daring and efficiency. The injustice to the remaining 200 unfortunates is simply infamous. These men were on the force when the examination was ordered. Most of them had done good service, and were likely to do more. Why were these men made victims of an illiteracy, which was not their fault? The examination should not have applied to men already on the force, but those who might make future application. There is neither commonsense nor ordinary justice in the action of the board, as the matter stands. The whole thing should be reconsidered, and the men unjustly dismissed should be at at once reinstated.

We believe in an educated police force, but, as we have said, the matter of qualification, in the literary sense, should deal with the future. Many eminent Americans, who make a big figure in our history, could not pass a civil service examination. Israel Putnam, General Jackson and Col. William Washington, one of the victors of Cowpens, were not remarkable for scholarship. It is related that General Tarleton, after his flight from that battle, where William Washington left the impress of his salore under the Englishman's coattails, was the guest of a lady, whose sympathies were patriotic. His staff surrounded Tarleton as he said, discussing some of the American leaders. "I have heard, Madame, that Col. William Washington is so ignorant he can not write his name." "That may be, General," she replied, "but, at least, he can make his mark."

So it is with many of the Chicago policemen who have been dismissed the service under the civil service regulation. The Chief of Police ought to have been left more discretion under the circumstances.

A PACIFIC COAST DONKEY.

A great many busybodies appear to be "in a sweat" over the Emmet celebration to be held at the Auditorium next Monday evening, March 4. Among the croakers we find a publication called *The Pacific Irish-American*, published in San Francisco. The mighty brain of the editor of that sheet delivered itself of the following in the issue of Feb. 16:

"Indeed, it is so clearly against Ireland's friends, playing right into the hands of her enemies, that it may be wise to ask if the immense hall hired and the other items in the celebration are not to be paid for with Tory money? Lord Salisbury could not want a better cry to go to the country with than Irish Rebellion, so kindly supplied by the hotheads in Chicago. According to the best information it will be a close election. The English nation is very conservative, and the bold assault of the Rosebery government upon that effete institution, the house of lords, will make it many enemies. The present peaceful state of Ireland will be a trump card for the Liberals, provided the proposed action of the Clan-na-Gael does not altogether change the suit. If a Conservative majority is elected the work of the last decade will be lost. Let every Irishman, therefore, who loves his country lend his aid to constitutional agitation and eschew any faction which by hot-headed indiscretion can injure Ireland's friends and help her enemies."

What stupendous asses God permits to occasionally edit alleged Irish-American newspapers! The San Francisco editor's ears must be a cloth-yard long at least. Hearken to him bray!

"It may be wise to ask" whether the *Pacific Irish-American* is not furnished with funds by the Rosebery government to malign the men who honor the memory, and the principles, of Emmet in Chicago. This is much more likely than its absurd speculation regarding the Auditorium meeting. The English government has been known to subsidize newspapers before today, and Rosebery's ministry may have placed funds where they will do the most good—in the neighborhood of our contemporary's strong-box.

However, Emmet will be honored, and his principles upheld, just the same, at the Auditorium next Monday night. As for Rosebery's "bold assault" on the house of lords he might as well make a "bold assault" on the moon, and as for anything that Ireland can obtain, by mere talk, from English good will, an oration delivered by the editor of the *Pacific Irish-American* to the seals that garrison the ocean rocks in front of Golden Gate park would be much more effective in comparison. The "constitutional agitator" in Ireland is sickening enough, but in this country he is the most effective kind of an emetic.

GEN. LORD WOLSELEY ON BRITISH OFFICERS.

Lord Wolseley seems to be "dead struck" on English military ability. In fact, he is next door to a monomaniac on the subject. His prejudice blinds him to facts, and his greed for the extension of British influence and power—although he is an Irishman—is even greater than his prejudice. Of course, England has done a great deal for this little general, and it is only natural that he should be grateful to her, but then his gratitude should not make him absurd. He is entirely wrong, for instance, when he says, in an article contributed to the February *Cosmopolitan*, that English officers are more efficient in dealing with Orientals than others; but let us see what he has to say on the subject in his own language, dealing with the Chino-Japanese war:

"Unless, during this winter, China can organize a thoroughly efficient army of about 100,000 men, under English or other foreign officers, she ought, by June next, to be under the heel of her present invader. * * * I believe the Chinese people to possess all the mental and physical qualities required for national greatness. They love the land of their birth with a superstitious reverence; they believe in their own superiority, and despise all other races. They are fine men, endowed with great powers of endurance; industrious and thrifty, they have few wants and can live on little, and that little poor food. Absolutely indifferent to death, they are fearless and brave, and when well trained and well led make first-rate soldiers. I have seen them under fire, and found them cool and undismayed by danger. If they were provided with a small proportion of English officers, and were organized as the Egyptian army has been by us since 1882, their army would soon be, according to my opinion, one of the finest. I recommend the employment of English officers in preference to those of other nations, because we seem to have greater aptitude for that sort of work among eastern races than gentlemen of other nationalities, and we have had far greater experience at it."

The English, in the slang of the day, are "not in it" with the French in dealing with the Eastern races. The Egyptian army was largely officered by Englishmen when fighting against the Arabs, and 10,000 of its soldiers died beneath the Arab spears, without a sign, except their skeletons, under Hicks Pasha, an English commander. What devotion could equal that of the Turcos in the Franco-Prussian War of the early 'Seventies? They fought as if they were Frenchmen—some of them more vehemently. We have heard much in connection with Hindoo outbreaks, but nothing of the kind from Algiers, since the fall of Abdel Kader a generation or more ago. The French have the art of reconciling those they conquer—particularly the Oriental races. The English call every man who is not white "a nigger." They have no respect for his prejudices, his traditions, his superstitions, if you will. The French respect all these things. The English are Romans in their harshness of conquest and subjugation. The French are Macedonians, who conquer with the smile, as well as with the sword. The Englishman says to the native "Obey me, d—n your bloody eyes!" The Frenchman says "Oblige me, if you please." The French call the English, ever since the Crimean war, where they came in close contact with them, "ze g—d d—ns!" This carries out Byron's reflection on his own countrymen—

The Hebrew word, which signifies "I am,"
The English always use to govern damn.

Wolseley is a good enough wordsmith, for a professional man-killer, and he knows how to tickle British vanity under the floating rib, as it were. He is a wise man is Wolseley. He can see the buttered side of his piece of bread in the dark, but he cannot fool the outside world. The English soldiers, who provoked the great Indian mutiny by their gross bigotry and insulting bearing, are not likely to be effective in making even passable soldiers out of a race so sensitive and jealous as the Chinese.

NEW YORK'S FOREIGN FLAG LAW.

One day last week, Governor Morton of the State of New York signed a bill, which had passed both house and senate of the legislature, prohibiting any flag, other than that of the United States and State, from flying on any public building on days of celebration, whether American or foreign; with, however, the proviso that when the representative of any foreign nation is the guest of the Nation or the State, the law shall not apply. This law is aimed, of course, at the Irish flag, which, as a matter of good feeling and courtesy, used to be displayed by the *American* mayors of New York—big hearted, liberal men—on the city hall, for many years, on St. Patrick's Day. The great mass of the American-born people always regarded the custom good humoredly, until those limbs of the devil, the Canadian Orangemen, under American disguise, succeeded in raising a storm about it, under the pretense—a ridiculous pretense, of course—that "American institutions" were endangered by that "bit o' green bunting," flying over the New York city hall on Ireland's national holiday. Then the Orangemen wanted their flag on July 12; the British theirs on St. George's Day; the German's theirs on the Emperor's birthday, and so on ad infinitum. The whole thing became childish and farcical.

As a matter of fact, the Irish people in this country want no exclusive privileges. The American flag is their flag as much as that of any other element that does more howling about it. When it was in danger they fought for it, bled for it, died for it, and will fight, bleed and die for it again, as why, indeed, should they not? There is no other flag on the globe—not even old Ireland's—so dear to them as the flag that makes them citizens of the grandest country in the world; the land that has been to them a second and bountiful mother; the land that their children and their children's children, to the latest stroke of time, will possess and glorify, in common with the people of the other races who find refuge and liberty on its broad and hospitable bosom. There is no need to preach Loyalty to the Flag to the Irish. They have drunk it in with their mothers' milk; but they don't believe in making a political dish rag out of that glorious symbol. As Mr. Albert G. Lane, superintendent of Chicago's Public Schools, said some time ago, when somebody suggested putting the national flag on the covers of school books, "There is such a thing as making the flag of our country too common." We quite agree with Mr. Lane, who is as much of an American as it is possible for any white man to be.

The State of New York, annoyed by the jealousies aroused by the display of the Irish flag in the city of Manhattan Island on St. Patrick's Day, has thought it best to pass the law quoted. Well, although it is mostly aimed at the Irish-Americans, we won't "kick." It is a small matter and need not make anybody angry. When the Green Flag floats freely over Dublin Castle, there will be a different tune played in New York State and elsewhere. The provision that a foreign guest may be honored by the display of the flag of his country, excludes Ireland, because, unfortunately, she is, at present, an unwilling British province. Even if another Parnell were to come over here, we suppose he would not have the benefit of an Irish flag salute on any public building in the State of New York. Yet that State sent to the War for the Union at least a score of regiments that carried the Green Flag into, and through the Gap of Danger. In those days, it was an excellent recruiting sergeant, while its enemies were dividing the spoils of the Vermont banks with the raiding rebels beyond the Canadian border. Only two foreign flags ever menaced the American Republic and both are red—the English and the Anarchist.

DECREASE OF EMIGRATION.

Irish emigration is on the wane—something upon which we congratulate Ireland. Emigration made easy has been her curse. For fifty years she has sweated blood. Now the overwrought pores are drying up, and she will soon begin to get back her long lost strength. Had there not been an outlet for the pent up forces of discontent through emigration, one of two things must have happened since 1845—the whole nation must have starved upon its own soil, or else would have risen in sheer desperation and expelled its plunderers. We have reiterated in these columns that the Irish people who can manage to live at home in any kind of comfort, are better off than most of those who come to America under existing circumstances. People do not pick up gold in the streets of American cities, and the Irish do not take kindly to the lonesome and long-houred American farm, where everybody is up with the lark and abed with the chickens. Ireland has a much better climate than America, and, although very small in comparison, is quite as handsome a country—in some particulars handsomer.

Ireland chiefly needs liberty and more people. She is below even low-water mark as regards population. England, less than a third larger and not so uniformly fertile, supports nearly 30,000,000 souls. Ireland could easily maintain 20,000,000, if she were allowed to manage her own affairs. Thus, she has room for more than 15,000,000 people yet. If she were even that strong in population. England dare not say her "Nay," when she demanded her rights.

We would very much wish to see, in our day, a stalwart Irish nation at home—a nation capable of winning respect from the whole world, something greatly needed. If Ireland were once on her feet, we would have much fewer Irish snobs and backsliders in America. A parliamentary return shows that the number of emigrants who left Irish ports in 1894 was 35,959, a decrease of 12,289 as compared with 1893. Since the year 1887, when the number of Irish emigrants amounted to 82,923, there has has been a gradual decrease, and the number for last year is the lowest recorded in the annual returns which commenced in 1851.

NOTICE.

THE CITIZEN of next week will contain a full report of the proceedings at the Emmet celebration in the Auditorium next Monday evening, March 4. Those who desire extra copies of the paper should immediately order them from the business office, Room 46, No. 69 Dearborn street.

THE Rev. Carlos Martyn, in an address recently delivered before an influential body of citizens, said, among other things, "There are 112,000 Irishmen in this city, each with a chip on his shoulder." We did not know before Dr. Martyn's discovery that the Irish in Chicago were so extensively engaged in the lumber business. By the way, does Dr. Martyn carry a chip or a corn-cob on *his* shoulder?

ST. PATRICK'S DAY will be celebrated this year in a manner worthy of the occasion, at Central Music Hall, by several Catholic clergymen, of patriotic proclivities, who will deliver Short Talks on Ireland. The principal address, "Ireland's Hope," will be delivered by the Rev. Francis Ryan, former pastor of the Holy Family church, and the other speakers will be, Rev. Fathers J. P. Dore, Rev. A. J. McGavick, Rev. D. P. O'Brien and the Rev. B. P. Murray.

THE Republican city convention placed in nomination last week, Hon. George B. Swift for mayor; Adam Wolf for treasurer; James R. B. VanCleave for clerk, and Roy O'West for attorney. Charles G. Neeley was nominated for circuit judge, vice S. P. McConnell resigned. Messrs. Swift, O'West and Neeley are said to have Irish blood in their veins. We don't know about the others, but they are all good fellows, and will, no doubt, make a splendid fight. The Democrats are expected to nominate their ticket on Feb. 8. Several candidates for the mayoralty are mentioned, but none appears to have been definitely decided on.

The Fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla, once fairly tried, becomes the family medicine, speaks volumes for its excellence and medicinal merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla is Nature's co-worker.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c.

SEVENTH INFANTRY.

The Second Battalion, Companies A, B, D, and F, have decided to give their lady friends a treat, in the shape of an entertainment and ball at the regimental armory, 78 Michigan avenue, on St. Patrick's Eve (March 16). This will be the first opportunity the lady friends of the Seventh have had to see the regiment in its new home. The regiment promised some time ago to have an opening day for the ladies, but it remained for the Second Battalion to take the initiative. The officers of the battalion have arranged a musical and literary programme, which will be published next week.

The officers of the regiment are actively engaged in recruiting the four new companies, and so far have been quite successful. Lieut. M. E. Cassidy, with several of the other line officers, has almost succeeded in raising one company. There is still a vacancy for a few good men. He hopes to have it mustered in as Company K next week, so they can participate in the St. Patrick's Day parade.

THE LATE CAPT. STACKPOOL.

[*To the Editor.*]

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 15.—In your paper of the 9th inst. appears an article copied from the *Irish Republic* (N. Y.) on the death of the late Capt. M. W. Stackpool. The writer of the article in question has ably and most faithfully pictured the character of the Irish patriot whom we recently laid to rest in the new cemetery of Holy Cross, San Mateo county, but it is to be regretted, however, that the beauty of the article should have been marred by one particular utterance which, I am led to believe, must have escaped your attention. Having dwelt on the many virtues that distinguished the public and private life of the deceased, the writer added: "If in another world there is a pious mansion for the blessed, if, as the wisest men have thought, the soul is not extinguished with the body, mayst thou, Brother Stackpool, forever enjoy a state of noble felicity." Now this agnostic sentiment should never have been uttered in connection with the fame and obsequies of the late lamented gentleman, whose memory the article was intended to commemorate.

M. M. Stackpool was nursed at the breast of an Irish Catholic mother; he lived an upright life, true to his race and country, and died in the communion of that old mother church to whom he was consecrated at the baptismal font. Like many of the young men of Ireland in the stormy days of '65-'67, his intense devotion to the cause of motherland brought him in conflict with the policy of certain representatives of the hierarchy, whose opposition to the methods adopted by himself and fellow-conspirators against British power in Ireland was often severely expressed, but never by word or act did he prove recreant to the religion of his parents. While he may, perhaps, have neglected to discharge some of the duties imposed by the church, his attitude towards her authority was always one of obedience. There was no "if" in his belief as to the destiny of his immortal soul. He died a true Catholic. The sacraments of the church were administered to him several weeks before, and almost immediately preceding his death by the Rev. Father P. J. McNally, pastor of St. Patrick's church, a patriotic Irish priest and a personal friend of his own. In accordance with his wishes during his last illness a crucifix was placed close by his bedside and was the constant object of his attention. The religious services at his grave were performed by another devoted Irish priest, the Rev. Father D. O. Crowley, who, in touching and eloquent language, dwelt upon the sacrifices that the Irish race had made for their faith and country, and feelingly referred to the deceased patriot, Capt. Stackpool, as a just and honorable man, whose career in all the relations of social and business life had merited the respect and esteem of all who knew him.

ALAMEDA.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

That charming and favorite comedienne, pretty Sadie Martinot, assisted by Mr. Max Figman and a very strong high class comedy company, is at the Schiller delighting the public in the new and farcical comedy, "The Passport." This play has made the distinctively comedy success of the season and has been received with continuous laughter everywhere. Its story is new, action vivacious, and dialogue sparkling. The humor with which "The Passport" is literally brimful, is always delicate and refined, but it is provokingly funny, and the comical situations with which the play abounds keeps the public in an ecstacy of laughter from the rise to the fall of the curtain. The *Herald* says: "Chicago lingers for a rapturous hour with the pleasing Sadie Martinot and her ravishing dresses. Miss Martinot, dainty and sumptuous as ever, makes a racy and delightful figure as the widow. She has peculiar personal attractions and dresses with consummate taste."

The engagement of Mr. Wilson Barrett commences at the Schiller March 10. The strong feature of Mr. Barrett's dramatic work this season is his production of "The Manxman," which he will present for the first time in Chicago at the Schiller theatre.

An Eager and a Nipping Wind.

A continuous down pour of rain, inclement weather, generally in winter and spring, are unfavorable to all classes of invalids. But warmth and activity infused into the circulation counteracts these influences and interpose a defense against them. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, most thorough and effective of stomachics and tonics, not only enriches the blood, but accelerates its circulation. For a chill, or premonitory symptoms of rheumatism and kidney complaint, particularly prevalent at these seasons, it is the best possible remedy. It is also invaluable for dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation and nervousness. Never set out on a winter or spring journey without it. Elderly persons and the delicate and convalescent are greatly aided by it.

IRELAND OF TODAY.

BY "SPERANZA" (LADY WILDE.)

Has the line of the Patriots ended,
The race of the heroes failed,
That the bow of the mighty unbended.
Falls slack from the hands of the quailed?
Or do graves lie too thick in the grass
For the chariot of Progress to pass?

Did the men of the past ever falter?
The stainless in name and fame.
They flung life's best gifts on the altar
To kindle the sacrifice flame.
Till it rose like a pillar of light
Leading up from Egyptian night.

Oh! hearts all aflame, with the daring
Of courage leaping forth into life!
Have ye courage to lift up, unfearing,
The banner fallen low in the strife.
From hands faint through life's deepest loss,
And bleeding from nails of the cross?

Can ye work on as they worked—unaided,
When all but honor seemed lost?
And give to your country, as they did,
All, without counting the cost?
For the children have risen since then
Up to the height of men.

Now, swear by those pale martyr-faces,
All worn by the furrows of tears,
By the lost youth no morrow replaces,
By all their long-wasted years,
By the fires trod out on each hearth,
When the exiles were driven forth;

By the young lives so vainly given,
By the raven hair blanched to gray,
By the strong spirits crushed and riven,
By the noble aims faded away,
By their brows, as the brows of a king,
Crowned by the circlet of suffering—

To strive as they strove, yet retrieving
The cause from all shadow of blame,
In the Congress of Peoples' achieving
A place for our nation and name:
Not by war between brothers in blood,
But by glory made perfect by good.

We are blind, not discerning the promise,
'Tis the sword of the spirit that kills:
Give us light and the fetters fall from us
For the strong soul is free when it wills.
Not our wrongs but our sins make the cloud
That darkens the land like a shroud.

With this sword like an archangel's gleaming,
Go war against Evil and Sin,
Gainst the falsehood, and meanness and seeming
That stifle the true life within.
Your bonds are the bonds of the soul,
Strike them off, and you spring to the goal!

O men who have passed through the furnace,
Assayed like the gold, and as pure!
By your strength can the weakest gain firmness
The strongest may learn to endure,
When once they had chosen their part,
Though the sword may drive home to each heart.

O martyrs! The scorners may trample
On the broken hearts strewed in their path;
But the young race, all flushed by example,
Will awake to the duties it hath,
And rekindle your own torch of Truth
With the passionate splendors of youth!

OBITUARY.

FUNERAL OF DR. W. G. DYAS.

The funeral of Dr. William G. Dyas was held on Wednesday of last week at 11 o'clock at the residence of the deceased's daughter, Mrs. Wilhelmina Hopkins, No. 6936 Vernon avenue. The funeral was private and was attended only by relatives and very intimate friends of the family. The services were conducted by Rev. T. N. Morrison, of the Church of the Epiphany. The active pallbearers were grandsons of Dr. Dyas—Frank Sage, William Sage, Kenneth Sage, Fred G. Dyas, William K. Dyas and Walter Miller. The honorary pallbearers were Dr. J. B. Walker, Dr. C. B. Wescott, F. M. Lyman, Dr. Eugene Marguerat, Dr. D. R. Brower and Dr. Philip Adolphus. The body was borne from the house to the Park Manor station, thence to Union depot. At the latter place it was met by representatives of the Chicago Medical Society. From the Union depot carriages were taken to Graceland. There were no services at the cemetery. Besides the honorary pallbearers and two or three friends there were at the funeral the following relatives of Dr. Dyas: George Keating Dyas, of Chicago; Joseph Dyas, of Paris, Ill.; Mrs. William M. Sage, of Chicago; Mrs. Elizabeth Hayne, of St. Louis, and Mrs. Wilhelmina Hopkins, of Chicago.

MR. LAURENCE M'HALE.

Mr. Laurence McHale died recently at his residence, 619 W. Ohio street, after a lingering illness. The funeral, which was attended by a large concourse of friends, took place from his late residence, to St. Columbkill's church, where solemn requiem mass was celebrated, followed by an eloquent sermon from the Rev. Father Lynch, touching on the good life the deceased had led during his forty-five years upon this earth. The remains were then conveyed to Calvary cemetery. The pallbearers were Messrs. F. McHale, M. McHale, J. McHale, Martin McHale, Ed McHale and Mr. A. J. Dwyer.

MR. MICHAEL HOGAN.

Another old and good citizen passed away suddenly last week. Mr. Michael Hogan, who resided on Fifty-first street and Grand boulevard, after only one week's sickness, from that dreadful disease pneumonia, died on Thursday night, Feb. 21, leaving behind him a wife and family of five children, and a very large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his sudden demise. Mr. Hogan was born in Tipperary, Ireland, and came to this country about forty years ago. He possessed many good traits of character—among them industry, perseverence and frugality, and leaves behind him considerable wealth to care for and bring up his family in comfort and independence.

The final obsequies took place last Saturday morning from his late residence, and was one of the largest seen in this city for many years, there being over one hundred and fifty carriages and vehicles. The funeral was in charge of the Independent Order of Foresters, of which body he was a prominent member. The pallbearers were selected from that Order. The display of flowers was profuse, elegant, and appropriate in design. The remains were conveyed to St. Ann's church, Fifty-fifth street and Wentworth avenue, which was crowded to overflowing, thus attesting the high esteem in which the deceased was held by his very large circle of friends. Requiem mass was solemnized, Rev. Father Flannigan, the pastor of the church, as celebrant; Father O'Shea as deacon, and Father Creemer as subdeacon. The mass was accompanied by music suitable for the sad and solemn occasion.

At the close of the mass the Rev. Father Flannigan delivered a deeply impressive sermon, dwelling on the uncertainty of life and the duty of every one to be prepared for the life to come. He paid an eloquent tribute to the deceased, who, he said, paid strict attention to his duties as a Christian, and willingly and on all occasions contributed liberally for the support of the church. He was upright in all his dealings, and possessed many great and good qualities in life, notably that of charity; and he could say for him that in the walks of life he proved himself a true soldier of the church. He was true in his friendships, honest and true under many difficulties and struggles of life. He concluded by exhorting his hearers to practice the good graces which adorned the character of deceased, having before them the same evidence of the divine truths of the church as he possessed, and predicted for the faithful everlasting life in the world to come.

The religious services being over the immense funeral cortege re-formed and the remains were conveyed to Mt. Olivet cemetery, and were deposited in the vault until milder weather, when all that is mortal of the good Michael Hogan will be consigned to mother earth. Mr. Hogan was brother of Mrs. James Wallace, Mrs. John Gahan, and Mrs. John Carney.

MR. JAMES O'GRADY.

Mr. James O'Grady, one of Chicago's promising and successful young business men, died on Wednesday of last week, at his home, 160 West Thirteenth street, of pneumonia. Mr. O'Grady was for ten years connected with the P. Hayden Company, wholesale sadlers' hardware, but at the time of his death had charge of the city trade for A. Ortmeyer & Sons in the same line. Although only 33 years of age, he had already made an enviable reputation as a business man, and was highly esteemed by all who met him in either a business or social way. He leaves, besides a widow and five children, a mother and sister in Ireland and two brothers and two sisters in this city. His widow was a Miss Minnie Irwin of Chicago, whom he married eight years ago. His sisters living here are Mrs. Daniel O'Brien and Mrs. P. O'Connor, the brothers Patrick and R. P. O'Grady. Deceased was an earnest, consistent Christian and a member of the Married Men's Sodality of the Holy Family Church, from which the funeral took place Friday, Feb. 22. Interment was at Calvary cemetery.

MR. PATRICK MURPHY.

Mr. Patrick Murphy, native of Galbally, county Limerick, Ireland, died at his residence, 425 May street, on the 11th ult., aged 61 years. He was an old and respected resident of this city, where he lived for over forty years. Mr. Murphy was an employe of Fortune Bros' Brewing Company from the time that company was formed until his death. Deceased leaves one son and a daughter to mourn his loss, besides four brothers and three sisters all of whom are well known residents of Chicago. Cancer of the stomach was the immediate cause of his death. After high mass at the Jesuit Church the remains were conveyed by cars to Calvary, where interment took place, on the 14th ult. The pallbearers were: John Casey, Patrick Donovan, Thomas Ryan, Michael Crowe, M. Enright, P. Sexton. Following are the names of some of those who attended the funeral: Fortune P. Keely, John Cooke, J. T. Keely, Rev. Fr. Nichols, Elkshorn, Wis.; Fathers Burns and Surton, St. Malachy's; Aldermen Powers, Morrison and Mahoney, Senator Joseph P. Mahony, Drs. Murphy and Lee, John Blackwell, James Walsh, Luke O'Toole, T. Gahan, T. Burns, M. McInerney, John Noonan, James Cannon, R. Laverty, J. Sweeny, Thomas Cusack, John Gaynor, John Clune.

MR. HENRY WELCH.

Mr. Henry Welch, whose remains, escorted from 206 Walnut street by a guard of honor from the Fire Department to Calvary cemetery, and there deposited in the vault Sunday, was a distinguished veteran fireman, his reputation for life and property-saving being in its zenith when that true Irishman, Mark Sheridan, was president of the police and fire commissioners. He was 55 years of age, a native of St. John's, N.B., and a fireman since 1863. He leaves a widow and six children. Henry, the eldest son, is chief clerk of the general delivery department of the post-office. William is also in the service.

"Body Rested, Mind at Ease."

That is what it is when traveling on the fast trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway; besides there is no chance to "kick," for the accommodations are up to date, the trains keep moving right along and get there on time. These lines thoroughly cover the territory between Chicago, La Crosse, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Aberdeen, Mitchell, Sioux Falls, Sioux City, Yankton, Council Bluffs, Omaha and Northern Michigan. All the principal cities and towns in that territory are reached by the "St. Paul" lines, connecting at St. Paul, Council Bluffs and Omaha with all lines for points in the far west. Write to F. A Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill., for one of their new map time tables and a brochure giving a description of the Compartment Sleeping Cars. Tickets furnished by any coupon ticket agent in the United States and Canada. The finest dining-cars in world are run on the solid vestibuled, electric-lighted and steam-heated trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

WISE REPROOF.

Reproof is usually administered to children, because they are inexperienced, but it may be needed by those who are not children in years but act with the thoughtlessness of childhood. The effect of reproof depends as much upon its appropriateness with respect to time and circumstance, and upon the manner of its delivery as upon its wisdom in the abstract. A wise reproof is a word fitly spoken. A reproof delivered in anger arouses resentment and fails of its purpose. If it is given "before company," in a manner to shame the person to whom it is addressed, it is humiliating, and on that account is likely to pass unheeded, for the reproved will think more of the wrong he has suffered than of the wrong he has done. The wise reproof is delivered at such a time and in such a way as to command undivided attention. Every one instinctively seeks to defend or excuse himself, and a reproof that is in the least degree unjust awakens resentment, and thereby gives rise to new matter for argument. Children are, unconsciously perhaps, very ingenious in evading the main question when they are called to account for any misdoing. If there is a flaw in the complaint, they enter a demurrer with the skill of a lawyer; if the sentence is extraordinary, they plead for a stay of execution, and in all manner of ways they give warning to those who have the care of them to be sure of their cases and prepare them with skill. A reproof should always be addressed to the culprit's reason, and therefore should be reasonable. It should be delivered without passion, at a time when undivided attention can be given to it, and it should not be prolonged into an argument. Much of the good effect that might be obtained from a reproof delivered impressively and left to work its own impression is frittered away by reiteration, as by a common scold. The words of a scold are, in fact, usually in a succession of reproofs and generally on one topic, and the scold only succeeds in irritating, not in reforming, the subject of her invectives.

The influence of a scold upon child-nature is exceedingly injurious. Besides rendering the child's nature fretful by irritation, it makes the little one indifferent to blame. The unwise reproofs to which it is constantly exposed robs the wise reproof of its ordinary effect. There is danger, therefore, that the scolded child may grow up beyond the reach of reproof, indifferent to the opinions of others, incapable of understanding what is wanted by good people. Children are even rendered stupid by such scolding: they acquire the habit of closing their ears to a torrent of words, and close them when they should not do so against wise instruction. Those whose dealings with the young or careless require them to administer reproofs on occasion should consider, therefore, what is to be said and when to say it, that their reproofs may not only be wise, but so well-timed and composed as to have useful effect. Of course there are cases where children, and men, who from disease or over-indulgence become restive and rebellious under any reproof or even any advice or suggestion, however kindly and opportunely administered. These are exceptional cases. The wise reproof to those who are susceptible of improvement is that which is given with such good effect that it need not be repeated, and this is true not only of the reproofs addressed to children, but of those more serious reproofs administered to careless employes who have reached an age when they can fully understand the nature of and reason for a correction.

THE "FELON'S" OF OUR LAND.

The following spirited song, called "The Felons of Our Land," was written by the late gifted Arthur M. Forrester, of Boston, Mass.:

Fill up once more, we'll drink a toast
To comrades far away—
No nation upon earth can boast
Of braver hearts than they;
And though they sleep in dungeons deep,
Or flee, outlawed and banned,
We love them yet, we can't forget
The felons of our land.

In boyhood's bloom and manhood's pride,
Foredoomed by alien laws,
Some on the scaffold proudly died
For holy Ireland's cause.
And, brothers, say, shall we today
Unmoved, like cowards stand,
Whilst traitors shame and foes defame
The felons of our land?

Some in the convict's dreary cell
Have found a living tomb,
And some, unseen, unfriended, fell
Within the dungeon's gloom!
Yet, what care we although it be
Trod by a ruffian band—
God bless the clay where rest today
The felons of our land!

Let cowards sneer and tyrants frown,
Oh, little do we care—
A felon's cap's the noblest crown
An Irish head can wear!
And every Gael in Innisfail,
Who scorn's the serf's vile brand,
From Lee to Boyne would gladly join
The felons of our land!"

GAELIC POETRY.

Air Leigheadh Dain Do Cumadh

LEIS AN O-CRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN.

Na caoin, a bhinn-cheoltoir, na caoin cho geur, deorach,
Na laethe do bhi in ar n-oilean fad o:
Na caoin iad, "a taoiseecha treunmhara treorach,"
Na caoin iad, na gniomhartha d'imthigh mar cheo.
Ni'l maith in do chaoineadh, gidh is nadurtha dheunadh,
Acht tiormuigh do shuile o dheoraibh go brath:
No ma's "dubh, is ma's doimhin mar an oidhche do bhron-sa,"
Cuimhnigh go d-tigeann as gach oidhche an la.

Gidh gur iomad d'a paisdibh do chaill ar n-dil mhathair,
Le bas ta nios measa 'na bathadh go mor:
A's gidh go bh-fuil a clann scaptha a b-fad o n-a lathair,
Ta fagtha fos laochra maith', treunmhar', go leor:
Agus ladsan ta scaptha 'nn gach ait air an g-cruinne.
Ma's feda taid 'nois o n-a d-tir thar an t-sail;
Ta mian in gach croidhe, agus neart aig gach duine,
Le buille do thabhairt air shon Eireann go foill.

'Nuair tiocfaidh an la sin ni dogh liom go m-beidh tu
Faoi bhron, na faoi phian, no do dheora aig sil;
'Gus tra fheicfir do thir, a's gach cathair faoi shaoirse,
As sellbh ar namhaid, ni budh mhaith leat an chill;
Oir measaim go m-bheidh tu aig gleusadh do chraite,
A's aig sinm le saor-ghuth do abhran go h-ard:
'Gus ni bheidh tu aig caoineadh, acht aig moladh na lactheadh
Do bhi againn in uair sin, a *Phrionnas na m-Bard!*

PADRAIC.

(*Translation*)

BY MICHAEL CAVANAGH

Sweet singer; lament not those glories departed.
That haloed our Isle in the bright, olden day.
Lament not those leaders, "the strong and brave-hearted,"
The fame of whose deeds has, like mist, passed away.
Although 'tis in Nature—our grief to be venting.
Still dry up your tears, friend, from hence forth, I pray;
For dark though our nights be—what use in lamenting?
The gloomiest night is succeeded by day!

Though many the children our fondest of mothers—
Was robbed of—by death—worse than drowning by far.—
Though far from her side have been swept many others,
She's still left strong heroes for Liberty's war!
And they who are scattered all over the world—
Though far they be now from their "Gem of the Sea!"
Their dearest heart-hope is—"the Green Flag unfurled"—
To strike one strong blow their old Island to free.

When comes that blest day, my dear fellow, I'm thinking—
'Twon't find you in tears—wrapped in sorrow or gloom:
When fugitive foes from our free land land are slinking,
Oh then! you'll not wish for repose in the tomb.
I deem it more likely—your harp you'll be stringing,
And, far from lamenting kind Fortune's awards;
Dear Liberty's triumphs, you'll gaily be singing—
In lyrics becoming our *Prince of the Bards!*

PATRICK.

New York, August, 1883.

RUDDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY.

is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. NO POSTALS ANSWERED. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere. Peter Van Schaack & Sons, Rob't Stevenson & Co.; Morrison, Plummer & Co., and Lord, Owen & Co., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ill.

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AGENTS $75 A WEEK ... PRACTICAL PLATING DYNAMO. ... W. P. HARRISON & CO., Clerk No. 16, Columbus, Ohio.

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FISH FOR LENT.

WE GUARNTEE these pails to Hold 12 pounds net weight of Fish, and at the prices quoted, and the excellent quality considered, they are the Cheapest in the country.

12-lb Pails Family Whitefish	.67
12-lb Pails Round Herring	.46
12-lb Pails Fancy Blood-Red California Salmon	.89
12-lb Pails Large Family Mackerel	$1.25
12-lb Pails New Irish Mackerel	$1.49
12-lb Pails Split Herring	.65
12-lb Pails No. 1 Whitefish	$1.19
12-lb Pails No. 1 Trout	.69
30-lbs Whole Codfish for	$1.00
Boneless Codfish per lb., 5 cents; per 40-lb box	$1.90
Imported Holland Herring, per keg	.75

CANNED FISH.

1-lb Salmon, per can, 9 sents; per doz	$1.05
1-lb Fancy Salmon, per can, 13 cents; per doz	$1.50
3-lb cans Mackerel, in tomato, 3-lb cans Mackerel, in Mustard, 3-lb cans Brook Trout	19 cents
Americal Quarter Sardines, per can, 3 cents; per doz	36 cents
Imported Sardines, key opener, per can, 8 cents; per doz	90 cents
Shrimps, per can, 19 cents; Clam Chowder, per can	19 cents

Special Prices for This Week.

Amber pots Best Preparek Mustard, each	3 cents
Parlor Matches, per dozen boxes	7 cents
3-lb cans Tomato Soups, 15 cts; gallon cans Assorted Soups	35 cents
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes, per can, 5½ cents; per doz	69 cents
Gallon cans Solid Meat Tomatoes, per can, 17 cents; per doz.	$1.90
Guaranteed Baking Powder, ½-lb can, 2 cents; ¼-lb can, 4 cents; ½-lb can, 6 cents; 1-lb can	8 cents
Hickory Nuts, per lb, 2 cents; Old and Dry Popcorn	2½ cents
Crown Milk, per can, 4 cents; St. Charles Cream, per can	7 cents
Pure Ground Pepper, per lb, 9 cents; Pure Mustard, per lb	9 cents
2-lb cans Sweet Sugar Corn, per can, 4½ cents; per doz	57 cents
Flat Noodles, Vermicelli or broken Macaroni, per lb	5 cents
Pint bottles Pickles, 7 cents; gallon Chow Chow	35 cents
½-lb cans English Cocoa, 12 cents; French Capers, per bottle	5 cents
Worcestershire Sauce, half pints, 9 cents; pints	15 cents
Gallon Jug Olives, 35 cents; 10 lbs Rolled Oats	25 cents
Dairy Butterine, per lb, 10 cents; Best Cal. Hams, per lb	6 cents
5-lb pails Lard Compound for 29 cents; 10-lb pails	58 cents
German Family Soap, per bar, 2½ cents; 100 bars for	$2.65
Gallon can Molasses, 29 cents; gallon can Apples	20 cents
3-lb can Apricots, 10 cts. 2-lb can Fancy Sifted Peas	10 cents
Cal. Evaporated Peaches, 9 cents; Cal. Muscatel Raisins, lb.	3½ cents
Bulk Baking Soda, per lb	2 cents
Fancy Table Sirup, quarts	10 cents
Fancy Table Sirup, half-gallons	19 cents
Fancy Table Sirup, gallons	29 cents
Genuine Rawhide Buggy Whips, 6 ft., A1 stock and waterproof—retail for $1.50—this sale, each	39 cents
Common 6-ft. Buggy Whips, each	9 cents
9½-ft. Cab Whips, each	19 cents
High, Revolving Cane Seat Office Chairs, high back, each	99 cents

DRUGS.

Lydia Pinkham's Compound	67 cts
Scott's Emulsion	65 cts
Paine's Celery Compound	67 cts
Laxative Prune Syrup	15 cts
Piso's Cure	19 cts
10 1-2-gr. Quinine Pills	19 cts
Pure Florida Water, 8 oz	40 cts
Pure Bay Rum, 16 oz	50 cts
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral	68 cts
Witch Hazel, full pint bottle	20 cts
Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, pint bottle	35 cts
Compound Extract Sarsaparilla	40 cts
Beef, Wine and Iron	36 cts
(Get free sample of Beef, Wine and Iron)	
Cocoanut Oil Toilet Soaps, per doz.	19 cts

SHOE DEPT.

120 Pairs Ladies' Shoes, A, B and C widto, at half-cost.

Lot 1—Hand-Sewed French Kid Button, opera toe, patent leather tip, this is our $3.50 line, price to close $1.75

Lot 2—McKay welts, opera toe, patent leather tip, extension sole, regular $3.75 shoe, price to close $1.90

The Shoes and the prices speak for themselves.

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AMERICAN WATCHES

AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.

Established 1863. Open Evening

THE ODD TRICK.

"Lucile!"

"Eh? I beg your pardon, Gilbert. Did you speak to me?"

"Speak to you? I asked you three times to give me another cup of coffee."

"Did you, dear? I'm so sorry!" and Mrs. Corin extended a slim white hand for the coffee cup.

"May I ask what so engrossed your thoughts?" inquired her husband, a little irritably.

Lucile smiled. "Oh, you'll only laugh at me if I tell you."

"Never mind. What was it?" reiterated her husband, a little mollified.

"I—I was thinking of some lovely Turkish embroidery they showed me at Liberty's yesterday, and"—

"My dear girl, what can you possibly do with Turkish embroidery?" interrupted Mr. Corin impatiently.

"Well, do you know that's what I've been wondering ever since, and I've just discovered"—

"But"—

"Yes," continued Lucile, regardless of the impertinent monosyllable, "I think it would look perfectly lovely to trim a tea gown. It could outline a sort of crepe de chine, you know, and underneath"—

"Tut, tut! I don't want you decked out like a houri in a harem."

"Gilbert!"

"I don't like all these new fangled things women get up in to look like figures on a Japanese fan"—

"But, my dear husband, there's nothing Japanese about Turkish embroidery!" exclaimed Lucile as she pushed back her chair from the breakfast table.

"Never mind; I don't like it. Besides you are really too extravagant, Lucile. I cannot see the necessity for all these wonderful toilets."

"My dear Gilbert, don't talk about things you don't understand."

And, gathering up the small pile of letters that were beside her plate, Mrs. Corin made her way to the door.

"Oh, by the way," said her husband, a little hesitatingly, "do you very much mind giving up the Claytons' ball tonight?"

"Giving up their ball! Why, in the name of all that's reasonable, should I do that?"

"Because I ask you."

Mrs. Corin shrugged her shoulders in silence.

"You will write to excuse yourself?"

"Certainly not. Why, I've got a perfect dream of a gown to wear, and I mean to thoroughly enjoy myself."

"That is to say you intend to make yourself conspicuous by your flirtations, as usual."

Lucile laughed.

"I will not allow it. You shall not go on in this ridiculous fashion."

"My dear Gilbert, don't you think that it is you who are ridiculous just now? You silly fellow," she continued, drawing near him, "what does it matter to you if half the men in the room are in love with me when you know that I'm not in love with them? There, don't talk nonsense, and be off to your ride."

"Why don't you come, too?" asked her husband, half mollified again.

"I—oh, no! Couldn't possibly spare the time, dear. Heaps of things to do and letters to write! Goodby for the present."

And with a laughing farewell she tripped out of the room.

The smiles, however, vanished as she sank into a low chair in her boudoir and picked one note out of the heap that lay in her lap. Mrs. Corin's pretty dimples disappeared and her brows contracted into a frown as she read:

DEAR MRS. CORIN—You know, of course, that I am engaged to Miss Kathleen Mayse. Don't you think under the circumstances it would be better for you to return me some very foolish effusions of mine which you still have? I am sure you will see the advisability of this and will be good enough to give the packet to my friend Applegarth, who will call upon you at 12 this morning. Yours sincerely. W. E.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," exclaimed Lucile when she had reread the letter for the third time. "Engaged to Kathleen Mayse, indeed! Engaged to her thousands, he ought to have said—a horrid, plain, little, red haired thing without an idea in her head. It is perfectly disgusting, the things men will do for money, but I did think Wilfrid was different. I did believe in him at least." And she rose from her chair indignantly. "Why, not a year ago, he was ready to blow his brains out because I would not marry him, and now"—She finished her sentence with a dramatic gesture worthy of Duse herself. A dangerous little person she looked as she paced up and down the pretty boudoir. The fact was that Mrs. Corin was suffering acutely from the complaint which in our nursery days we called "dog in the mangerness."

Married before the close of her first season to a man whose hold on life and fortune was more unstable than any one had supposed, at 21 she was left a widow with an income which allowed small margin for opera boxes or Parisian toilets, both of which, with tout ce que s'en suit, were exceedingly dear to the little woman's heart. Launched among a certain set, however, she was swimming with the stream to no very safe port when Gilbert Corin—an elderly banker—came, saw and was conquered.

Some one says somewhere that there are no wedding bells which do not ring the knell of somebody's happiness, and certainly on Lucile's second marriage morning Wilfrid Endicott might well have been dubbed the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance." He and the pretty little widow had, for some time before Corin's appearance upon the scene, been engaged in a very serious flirtation—so serious indeed that when her elderly suitor declared himself, and Lucile murmured the fateful "Yes," she had a nearer approach to a qualm of conscience than she had ever experienced.

Without doubt had Wilfrid been suitably endowed with this world's goods there would have been small chance for Gilbert; but, as things were, "marriage was a luxury they could not afford," as Lucile told the angry young man when he came to upbraid her for her faithlessness. The little woman was not without a taste for dramatic situations, and on the whole she rather enjoyed her farewell interview with Wilfrid. She wept a little in a becoming fashion and gave utterance to a few sentiments of the "Blanche Amory" type and ended by saying that she would like to keep his letters as a souvenir of their "dream."

Though she had laid express commands on Wilfred as to their conduct to each other after her marriage, Lucile had no intention of their being obeyed. Unfortunately, however, and as every silver lining has its dark cloud, Gilbert Corin was as jealous as a Moor, and some whispers concerning his wife and Endicott having reached his ears it was speedily made clear to Wilfrid that Mr. Corin was by no means likely to find a place among the marris complaisants.

Acting on the principle that when a man's heart is broken he gathers up the pieces and melts them together again at the nearest candle, Wilfrid had gone to Kathleen Mayse for consolation, which consolation was possibly all the more effective that, as a setoff to her red hair and hazel eyes, the young lady was sole heiress to one of the richest iron founders in England.

The engagement had been formally announced a few days ago, and somehow Lucile's maid had not found that her lot lay among the lilies and roses of life ever since, and this letter capped everything—the calmly impersonal tone of it—it might have been from any one to any one—and her hands clinched as she thought of the contents of the packet that she was so summarily called on to deliver up to this Mr. Applegarth.

Mrs. Corin unlocked a drawer in her writing table and took out a small parcel neatly tied up and docketed:

"Letters from W., June—August, 1893."

She untied it and glanced over one or two of the most passionate.

"To think that he could write like that and then be so utterly faithless," she exclaimed. "I've a great mind to send the whole lot to that little Mayse girl!" She paused. It would be a delightfully dramatic thing to do. It savored of French novels and Dumas' plays. "No, no. It wouldn't be safe. There's no knowledge, she might make a scandal, and if it got to Gilbert's ears it might be awkward. No, I suppose there's nothing to do, after all, but meekly deliver them up. How wretchedly tame! What a stupid, commonplace ending! 'You've come for a parcel for Mr. Endicott? So sorry to have given you so much trouble. Thank you. Good morning.' No, I won't! I can't let it end like that. Wilfrid shall come for them himself, of course. I'll tell this man so. He shall come tomorrow morning. I'll receive him here, and we will say our last goodby."

And Mrs. Corin's busy brain immediately went to work with the mise en scene—the gown she would wear, the attitude she would assume, the words she would use—ah, Wilfrid should remember that interview, she was telling herself, when the maid brought her a card. "Show Mr. Applegarth in here."

He bowed a little stiffly as he advanced, and certainly, if he was suffering from nervousness, Lucile's manner was not calculated to reassure him.

"Mr. Applegarth, will you be good enough to sit down?"

The young man took the seat she indicated, and began:

"Endicott told me that you would be kind enough to receive me, and"—

"May I ask what else Mr. Endicott has thought fit to tell you?"

Applegarth looked up in surprise—it was rather the tone one might use to a presuming footman.

"No doubt you are acquainted with the whole story," she continued loftily.

"I am aware that there are certain letters of Endicott's in your possession, which he thinks you would be glad to get rid of, and as such things occasionally miscarry in the post he fancied that the simplest way would be for you to give them into my charge. That is all I know of or care for in the matter."

"Why did not Mr. Endicott come for them himself?"

Applegarth suppressed a smile.

"It would not have been quite wise, would it? He is not, I believe, a regular visitor at your house."

"Neither are you."

"True; but I am also a total stranger, whereas he was—I mean every one knows that you—that is," he concluded hurriedly, "as you were formerly acquaintances comments might be made if he were seen doing so unusual a thing as calling upon you."

"Oh, is Miss Mayse so jealous, then?"

The embassador became interested in a minute speck upon his coat sleeve, and made no reply.

"Here are the letters," continued Lucile, after a pause, holding up the little packet, "but you can tell Mr. Endicott from me that unless he comes for them himself they shall not leave my hands"—

"But, Mrs. Corin"—

"I am quite determined. Your friend can call upon me tomorrow morning at 11:30. I shall be quite free then, and"—

"He cannot possibly do that"—

"Why not?"

"He has to travel up to the north this evening with Mr. Mayse on business, and he is particularly anxious that"—

"What can it possibly matter to him whether the letters remain with me a few days longer? Is he afraid that I may address them to Miss Mayse by mistake?"

Applegarth's hurried denial was a trifle too emphatic not to have a doubtful ring about it, and Mrs. Corin was too keen not to notice it. He was afraid of her. Then he would put off the journey and come to her.

"Let me entreat you, Mrs. Corin, to reconsider the matter. It would make things so much easier for every one if you would trust me! Won't you seal up the letters and let me take them away?"

"I have already told you that I will give them to no one but to Mr. Endicott"—

"But"—

"My mind is made up. Thank you very much for all the trouble you have taken, and excuse me if I must wish you good morning. I have some shopping to do."

Applegarth rose.

"If you would"— he began, when suddenly a man's voice sounded without.

"Mrs. Corin is in the boudoir, you said?"

"My husband!" exclaimed Lucile in consternation. "What shall I do?"

Applegarth looked in surprise at her changed countenance. Was the worthy banker a veritable Othello that she appeared so alarmed as she stood there, the letter still in her hand. As the handle of the door turned she looked round wildly for some hiding place for them, and then suddenly catching sight of a pale green cardboard box, with a big gold "Liberty" painted upon it, she flung them hastily into it, jammed down the lid and sank into a chair just as Mr. Corin appeared on the threshold.

"Lucile— Oh, I beg pardon," he added, stopping as he noticed Applegarth and glaring at him with an air of suspicion. "I did not know that you were engaged," he continued, addressing his wife, who was nervously fidgeting with her rings in a way that was anything but reassuring.

"Have I disturbed you?"

Applegarth stepped forward quickly. "I was endeavoring to persuade Mrs. Corin to purchase some of our newly imported goods."

"Then"—

"I am a traveler of Messrs. Liberty & Co.," he continued boldly, seizing the box, while Lucile gazed at him with wide open eyes.

"I see," said Corin without relaxing his frown. "You've come about the Turkish embroidery, I suppose."

"Exactly," replied Applegarth promptly.

"It seems to me that shopkeepers do quite enough in their showrooms to induce people to spend money uselessly without pestering them at home."

"We only venture to call on our old customers," explained the young man apologetically, "and really this embroidery is so very beautiful."

"Yes, I dare say," interrupted the banker, "but I particularly dislike that sort of thing. So gaudy and"—

"Oh, excuse me, I assure you the colors are most beautiful!"

"My good man!" exclaimed Mr. Corin, checking what looked like a tendency to display his wares, "it's quite useless. Mrs. Corin does not wish for any of your embroidery."

"Oh, but I do, Gilbert," put in Lucile anxiously. "I do very much."

"There is a lovely strip here for £20," interposed Applegarth at random.

"Twenty pounds!" cried the banker. "Twenty pounds! Perfectly preposterous. Certainly not. We don't want your embroidery; we won't have it, do you understand? Good morning."

"Good morning," replied the other quietly, taking up the bandbox.

"Oh, but won't you leave the box?" cried Lucile hurriedly, "perhaps"—

"No, no, take it away; I hate that sort of thing lumbering up the place."

Applegarth bowed, and the door closed on him—and the box. The next moment Lucile's sobs caused her husband to turn toward her with astonishment.

"What on earth is the matter?"

A fresh burst of weeping was his only answer.

"What's wrong, Lucile?"

"You — are—so—unkind—to—me," came brokenly from behind the flimsy bit of embroidered muslin that did duty for a handkerchief.

"Unkind? What nonsense! Because I won't let you throw away money by handfuls on mere nonsense?"

"It isn't nonsense. Besides you always say that—you never do anything to please me now!"

"My dear child," he said soothingly as the little frame shook with hysterical emotion.

"Oh, I know, you don't care about me now. You think I'm silly and frivolous and"—

"I think you the sweetest little goose in the world," he ejaculated as he drew her hands away from her face and looked into a pair of blue eyes that possessed the rare and enviable quality of looking all the prettier through a few tears.

"No, you don't," and a big drop that had trembled on the eyelashes fell with a splash upon his hand, and Lucile knew by experience that the battle was won. "You never let me have my own way."

"Is it about the ball tonight?" he asked coaxingly. "I didn't mean it, of course."

"It isn't that," she said, with a shake of the head, and only half yielding to his encircling arm.

"Surely you wouldn't cry about the embroidery, darling?"

"I did want it so much, and"—

"You silly child! Well, dry the tears. You shall have it. We'll send after the man at once. He can't have got very far, or I'll go round to Liberty's myself. Will that do?"

Before Lucile could answer, however, the maid appeared at the door holding the fateful green box.

"Please, madam, the gentleman said that perhaps the box had better be left till the firm's cart called for it."

"There, isn't that lucky?" said Mr. Corin as he smilingly placed the box on his wife's lap. "Now you've got all you want."

* * * * * *

But having taken out every separate piece of embroidery several times Mrs. Corin did not think it so lucky. She found that she had by all means got all she wanted, and when she cried with rage Wilfrid Endicott and his friend shouted with laughter. Of such contrasts is our little life composed.—London Truth.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

THIS IS WHAT A "BEAR OF A MAN" SAYS ABOUT LOCOMOTIVES.

Iron Horses Are Freaky Creatures and Full of Whims—Some of the Odd Things They Do—They Seem to Have Instincts Just Like Live Horses.

That locomotives are freaky creatures and deserve classification as "she"—for no one ever heard of an engineer calling his machine anything else—is attested by William H. Crawford, chief of the constructing engineers' corps of the Baldwin works.

"It is not an uncommon expression," said Chief Crawford, "to hear that such and such a thing works with the regularity of a machine, and one is not surprised when such a comparison is made, for machines are supposed to work with mathematical regularity and never to vary from the speed or action to which they are set. The locomotive, though, is a striking exception to this rule. It seems decidedly opposed at times to a monotonously perfect performance of its work, and to rid itself of the depressing effect of sameness it indulges in the most fanciful and inexplicable freaks, driving its master into bewildering wonder. To attempt to tell you all its curious ways would be as great an undertaking as to tell why a woman does thus and so. In this respect there is a great similarity between locomotives and women.

"No one ever heard of an engineer speaking of his machine as 'he,' and no one ever will unless it becomes more submissive to reason or less inclined to act according to its own whims and caprices. Thus an engineer must know his engine before he can manage it. He cannot mount a cab in which he has never sat before and obtain good work. He must become familiar with its habits and ways, and whenever he changes engines he has to begin all over again. Engineers do not like to go out on any other engine. They never gain complete mastery over any, but approach it nearer when they have been on one for some time. This seems strange, in view of the fact that there are so few levers to be controlled to manage a locomotive. The only parts of the machine necessary to be touched to move an engine forward, back it or bring it to a stop are the throttle, the reverse lever and the air-brake. The throttle is the controller of the main valve, which admits or shuts off steam to the cylinder. The reverse lever runs over a semicircular bar of iron, in which there are several notches. When this lever is thrown open, the engine will move forward. To reverse it the reverse lever is thrown backward. The only other lever necessary to be used governs the brakes.

"Like horses, engines seem to know who holds the reins. An engineer on an engine not his own is at an utter loss what to do if it begins playing tricks, one of the most common of which is running away. The engineer will get out of the cab, leaving the machine standing quietly and submissively as can be, when of a sudden it starts along the track at top speed and generally keeps on running until steam is exhausted unless it runs into another train and is brought to a sudden stop. Just why engines do this is a mystery. How the throttle opens itself or how it can run with the throttle closed is beyond the knowledge of engineers, but they do it and sometimes play havoc too.

"Another trick is foaming. Without warning the water in the boiler will begin to foam, and instead of generating steam will bubble like a teakettle. This can be remedied, though, by taking a new supply of water. It is an old trick for discharged employees and during strikes to have a piece of soap dropped in the boiler to produce this effect. Often, too, it will go 'lame.' This happens when the eccentric is slipped or it does not 'cough' properly. The eccentrics work on the axle of the main driver, and often the outer ring will slip and fall on the axle. As they work the steam chest, the supply is cut off when one of them slips, and the engine comes to a standstill. 'Coughing' is not the result of a cold, but is the discharge of the steam from the cylinder after it has been used. There ought to be four 'coughs' to every revolution of the driving wheels, but when the valves choke it will 'cough' only once or twice, and the relief is a large dose of oil.

"One of the oddest freaks of an engine is jumping. I do not mean to tell of the wonderful tales of engines leaping across canyons when bridges were gone, but frequently when running at a high rate of speed, if some small obstruction is met on the track, the engine will jump 10 or 12 inches and drop squarely on the rails again. These are a few of the ailments a locomotive is subject to, and they begin as soon as it leaves the shop and continue until it is consigned to the junk pile."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Philadelphia Broil.

In Philadelphia we have what is known as the "Philadelphia broil," which, by the way, is not a broil at all. The oysters are cooked after the following fashion:

Drain the oysters; put the liquor over the fire; boil and skim it; for each 20 oysters allow a tablespoonful of butter, which put in a saucepan and brown; add a tablespoonful of browned flour; then add a half pint of the oyster liquor, which has been boiled and skimmed; stir the mixture until boiling; add half a teaspoonful of salt, 2 tablespoonfuls of sherry and a tablespoonful of paprica. Turn all this into a double boiler and add a teaspoonful of "Kitchen Bouquet." Have very hot an ordinary cake griddle; brush it lightly with butter; throw on a few oysters at a time. As soon as they brown and curl turn and throw them at once into the saucepan, and so continue until all the oysters are broiled. The griddle must be very hot, or the juice of the oyster will prevent the browning.—Household News.

SHE TAUGHT HIM A LESSON.

A Traveling Man Who Discovered That He Annoyed the Wrong Girl.

As the drummer came into the smoker a man in the corner got up and went out rather hurriedly.

"You seem to have a bad effect on that party," remarked a man from Chicago.

"Well, yes," laughed the drummer; "he doesn't like to see me around."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know his name, but I happened to see him utterly put to rout on a train once, and now whenever he sees me he feels better to get out of the way."

"What was it? Tell us about it," came in chorus.

"He's one of the kind of traveling men who are always discreditable to the profession, and I think he travels for some third rate house in New York. I never saw him until the day I saw him get what he deserved, and from what I have seen of him since I should say it had taught him a valuable lesson. It was on a train going out of Louisville, and there was a pretty girl ahead, who was of the type that grows into viragohood perhaps, but of that let us not talk. In any event, she had a section in the middle of the car, and this fellow came in, and after looking the territory over sat down where he could look into her face. There was no other person on that side of the car, and only two old ladies and myself on the other. He had just begun to ogle the girl by grinning and gazing at her when she changed her place and turned her back on him. In a few minutes he had taken the seat beyond and had begun his operations again. She stood it some time and changed her position again. He did the same, waiting quite a little while, so as not to attract too much attention. She changed again, and he went to the smoker. Then I stepped over and asked her if she needed my services in stopping the annoyance. She thanked me and said she would attend to it herself. Pretty soon he came back and sat down facing her again, with a smile as if he thought he was having a great joke. She changed again, and so did he. This time I could see her cheeks redden and could almost hear her eyes snap as she reached over and opened a little handbag by her side. She took from it a revolver, and as she looked up again she nodded and smiled as if she wanted him to come to her. But she didn't, though it looked that way when she got up and taking a few steps stood in front of him. Then she shoved the revolver close to his face.

"'There,' she said, loud enough for us all to hear, 'that's loaded, and if you look at me again I'll put a portion of its contents into your ugly face.'

"She trembled so as she spoke that the revolver shook in her hand, but she turned and walking firmly back to her place, sat down again, and the remarkable part of it was she sat so if he raised his face he would look directly at her. But he didn't raise his face. He slunk out toward the smoker, and he never came back. I've met him several times since," concluded the drummer, "but I have never seen him so much as look the second time at a lady on a train."—Detroit Free Press.

Ludicrous Rage.

Possibly as ludicrous a thing as ever happened was the experience of my friend, Professor Roswell Park of Buffalo. A man's life had been saved by the beautiful surgical skill of a successful laryngotomy. When health had been restored, my friend proposed to his patient the insertion of an artificial larynx, so that vowel tones, or true voice, could be added to the whisper that necessarily resulted from the absence of the vocal chords. This apparently highly desirable thing was done, but the tone, of course, was uniform. There was no change of pitch posisble to the mechanical larynx, and expression, modulation, timbre—everything that makes voice pleasant and more than useful was absent. The man could speak, convey ideas perfectly, but when he tried to give emphasis, nuances, shadings, diverse meanings and especially when he tried to express emotion, anger or resentment there were only the monotonous drone and squeak of the intolerable machine. Nothing could control the convulsive laughter of the surgeon and assistants. The poor man's indignation sought outlet in speech, but the very words of wrath were turned to outrageous absurdity by the infernal device. In a spasm of ebullient rage he tore the mechanism out of his throat, cursed the man who had saved his life and is probably running and hoarsely whispering invectives at him still. He never came back.—Dr. George M. Gould's "Meaning and Method of Life."

Stevenson and Carlyle.

Robert Louis Stevenson used to tell this story of his early days: He was entering in an absentminded way the famous secondhand bookshop of James Stillie when he ran into a fuming old gentleman who was leaving the establishment. The latter ejaculated in an angry tone, "Man, can you not look where you are going!" Stevenson apologized for his awkwardness and was then confronted by Mr. Stillie, who was also excited. The bookseller exclaimed: "The creature has been trying to make out that an old book I sold him is spurious! He may be able to write, but he knows nothing about black letter books. He's the most disagreeable customer that ever entered my shop!" "Who is he?" asked Stevenson. "Oh, that's the great Mr. Thomas Carlyle," was the answer.

A Black Sheep.

Mrs. Highmind—It worries me sick to think how my little boy is growing up without a taste for literature.

Friend—Hasn't he any?

Mrs. Highmind—Not a bit. I bought him a beautifully bound copy of Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and I actually had to whip him to make him read it.—New York Weekly.

PUNCTUATION.

When you wish to read at a headlong speed
Or to write a sentence fleetly,
You should mind your stops, or the meaning drops,
And sense gets lost completely.
So I write these lines to commend the signs
Which we use in our punctuation.
For the sign that's best, though I like the rest,
Is the note of interrogation.

Now, a clever child has been sometimes styles
The most perfect type of beauty,
But the infant mind is to knowledge blind,
So to teach is an elder's duty.
Yet I would not ask for a harder task
Than a juvenile's education,
For each child I know, until twelve or so,
Is a note of interrogation.

It is passing sweet to a maid to meet
With the touch of the tender passion,
When a lover true is at hand to woo
In the old but immortal fashion,
And the girls all long for the same sweet song
Of a love throughout life's duration.
On its sweet strains they dote, but its sweetest note
Is the note of interrogation.

—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

What She Missed.

"Did you have a good rest over at your Sister Mary's?" asked one of Mrs. Jennie Woolson's neighbors.

"I s'pose I had a good rest enough," answered Mrs. Woolson. "I didn't have a thing to do for a week. But I was as homesick an lonesome as an old cat."

"Why, I thought they'd entertain you first rate!" exclaimed the neighbor. "I understood Mary kep' a hired girl and lived real stylish.

"Well, so she does," admitted Mrs. Woolson. "An they did everything they could for me. But Mary's husband's shop is right across the street, an he's always home just on the tick for his meals. An she's got a hired girl that's just as capable as she can be an don't need a mite o' lookin after. An her two boys are just like little clocks—I never see two sech stiddy young ones in all my days."

"Well, I should think you'd have had a real peaceful time," said the neighbor.

"I did," returned Mrs. Woolson, "but it wa'n't like what I'm used to. There wa'n't a thing for me to worry about from mornin till night—an I missed the excitement; that's jest what the trouble was. An I come home two days before my visit was out because I got so dreadful low in my mind I begun to feel kinder sick."

"You look all right now," said the neighbor, with a glance at Mrs. Woolson's red cheeks.

"Mussy sakes, yes! Why, when Cyrus met me at the depot yesterday, he said fust thing that he thought by the looks of the corn 'twas all dryin up, an we shouldn't have anythin to pay for all he'd spent on the field this year, an he said that Miry looked to him as if she was comin down with the measles, an Johnny had eat somethin that he reckoned was p'ison the day before, an was liable to be took sick any minute. An, lawzee, I begun to feel jest as homey an contented as ever I was in my life. An by the time we drove up to the door I was all chippered up an ready for anything!"—Youth's Companion.

President Hayes' Watches.

The late President Hayes was always noted for his thrifty habits, but some things which impressed the multitude as signs of meanness were really nothing but ordinary prudence. For example, we all used to wonder why he would persist in wearing a silver plated watch, worth possibly $3. He was aware that this practice was known, and any astonishment manifested amused him instead of making him angry. In answer to a look of surprise he would say, "I think that is a plain watch for a president of the United States to carry, but it is good American make," as if assuming that this act would counteract the effect of the cheapness of the article. The truth was that almost weekly a deputation of western Indians called upon him, always bringing presents of some kind to the great father. Of course he was expected to give something in return, and the object was to find something cheap and at the same time acceptable. Watches were a novelty to the Indians, and to present a chief with a watch which the great father himself had been carrying always impressed him greatly. Having discovered this and not caring to distribute gold watches or even silver ones, Mr. Hayes hit upon the expedient of buying nickel watches at $36 a dozen and always made it convenient to have one with him against an emergency.—Kato Field's Washington.

Tea In China.

Numerous volumes have been written by Chinese authors on tea and on its preparation. The well known writer, Lu-U, has, among others, produced an exhaustive work on the preparation of this beverage. The Chinese love to discuss matters pertaining to their favorite plant, and many curious lines appear in the national literature in praise of this fragrant herb.

As a rule the Chinese prepare their tea thus: A Ni-Hung pot, made of a species of terra cotta, with an unvarnished interior, is partially filled with rain or spring water and allowed to boil until a few bubbles begin to rise. It is then taken off the fire, and the tea is thrown in, when it is allowed to stand for five minutes at the most. Good tea when ready for use should be clear and barely yellow in color.—London Illustrated News.

Glass Windows.

Glass windows are known to have existed at Pompeii as early as A. D. 79. In the third century the windows of royal houses throughout Europe were glazed. Windows of colored glass were placed in many Italian and French churches in 674, and the use of glass became general in private houses during the twelfth century. The panes, however, were only 8 or 4 inches square, and the material was so inferior that while a room was lighted it was often a matter of some difficulty to discern objects on the outside through the glass. For a long time windows in England were a subject of taxation.

DECALOGUE FOR ANIMALS.

Ten Rules Adopted by the Royal Society For the Prevention of Cruelty.

First.—No one has a right to keep animals, either for use or pleasure, unless he is able and willing to provide them with whatever is necessary for their health and happiness. No animal can be healthy or happy unless it is kindly treated, comfortably lodged, regularly fed, supplied with water and afforded opportunities of recreation.

Second.—Kind and gentle treatment is due to all animals and need not interfere with firmness in governing them. Animals are often thought to be ill tempered or obstinate when they are really suffering from some pain or irritation the cause of which is not seen, but which may be soothed by patience and quietness. If you try to find out what is the matter with an animal before you punish him, you will probably find that there is no reason to punish him. Be careful to remove anything that causes fear. Animal are often terrified by things that men hardly observe. If they are punished, their terror is only increased. Nothing will quiet them so soon as gentle talk and caressing. Kindness will win the confidence of any animal, and an animal which confides in its keeper is easily managed. If you want your horse to work well, take good care that his harness does not chafe him.

Third.—All animals require sunshine, and their dwellings should have a southerly or westerly aspect if possible, but they should always have access to shade when they desire it. Stables, sheds, coops and cages should be well drained, well lighted and well ventilated, but never drafty. Different animals require different temperatures. A humane owner will prevent much suffering by learning the degree of heat and cold which the animal is enabled by nature or habit to endure. Every stable yard, cage, kennel and bed should be kept thoroughly clean.

Fourth.—Every animal should have as much solid food daily as it will eat up clean, but no more than it will consume. Stale food is unwholesome. It should be removed early in the morning and replaced by a fresh supply. Nocturnal animals should be fed at sunset. Be careful to give all animals as much variety of food as possible and let it be as nearly as possible the food which the animal would use in a state of nature. Animals which are regularly fed on grain ought to have frequent supplies of green food.

Fifth.—Every animal should have an abundant supply of pure water for drinking. Vessels used for food or water should be washed daily and should be wiped dry before refilling. Iron troughs or plates lined with porcelain are the best, being clean, cheap and durable.

Sixth.—Bathing is necessary to the health and comfort of many animals. Cage birds ought to be allowed to bathe daily, and a separate vessel, adapted to their size, should be supplied for that purpose. Some birds delight in dust baths. A working horse should be allowed every day to roll on the grass, or better, perhaps, on sawdust.

Seventh.—Animals as well as men are happier and better for reasonable recreation. Whenever it is possible they should have it. The horse should be allowed an opportunity to run at large. Dogs, especially in cities, should be taken out to run freely. Even cage birds are immensely pleased if they are allowed to leave the cage for an hour or so every day.

Eighth.—When an animal is sick, see that it is kept quiet and unmolested, and that its treatment is unusually gentle.

Ninth.—When it is certain that an animal will die, always secure the services of a humane and experienced person to destroy it in the quickest and least painful way, and when it dies never fail to bury it at once.

Tenth.—Try to make the world as happy a world as possible for any creature in your charge.

The "Great Swallower."

As a swallower of objects larger than his own diameter the boa is nowhere in comparison with the Chiasmodon niger, or great swallower, a species of deep water fish which is in several respects the most wonderful representative of the finny tribe.

In his natural state (the condition in which he is found before dining would probably more correctly express the meaning intended here) chiasmodon has a body remarkably elongated for a fish of his size and is of nearly uniform thickness from head to tail. The voracious creature pays no attention to the size of its prey when he starts on a foraging expedition and is just as likely to seize upon a fish of a dozen times his own bulk and weight as any other kind. His jaws are very long, and, like those of some species of serpents, which feed upon prey of a greater diameter than themselves, are without base hinges. His manner of feeding is to seize a fish by the tail and work his mouth, which is studded with sharp teeth pointing backward, over his victim's body. The "great swallower" is well named, for he has been found with fish in his maw which were twleve times as bulky and weighty as himself. His rapacity often causes his death, the gas formed by the process of digestion making a balloon of his body and allowing it to rise to the surface. Those well up in piscatorial lore say his natural habitat is 1,500 feet below the surface. This being the case, rising to the surface is almost certain to cause his gasbag of a stomach to burst, with fatal results.—St. Louis Republic.

Seven Meals a Day.

Max O'Rell says that the Australians eat seven times a day. Tea and bread and butter at 7, breakfast at 8:30, lunch at 11, dinner at 1:30, tea at 3, supper at 6 and a nightcap at 10. Tea is the standard drink, and there are few hours in the day when the teapot is not brought into requisition. The only people who can compare with the Australians in drinking tea are the Irish, who keep the teapot boiling on the stove all day long.

Effect of Environment on a Watch.

"It is curious to notice the effect of certain atmospheres upon timepieces of a certain kind," said A. G. Graham of Chicago. "I have a watch of the old fashioned type, which I always carry with me wherever I go, first, because it's a curiosity, and, secondly, because it is a gift from a much beloved friend. Well, this watch has a habit of running ahead of time. In my own city, or here in St. Louis, for example, it gains five minutes in every 24 hours. This is noticeable because it means nearly two hours a month. I have a way of letting it run for a length of time, say six months, so that it regulates itself practically in that time. It manages to make about 12 hours, and when a timepiece is that much ahead of or behind time it is just as good as if it were perfect. A short while ago I was compelled to visit Philadelphia, from which city I am just returning. During my stay there the watch lost five minutes a day, and the loss was as regular as the gain was in Chicago or in your city. I have a theory upon the subject.

"I believe that the movements of a man have more or less effect upon a watch. Now, almost every man readily falls into the ways and gait of his fellows. In Chicago or in St. Louis every man likes to be five minutes ahead of time. In Philadelphia every one says: 'Well, there's no hurry. Five minutes behind time will make no difference,' and from this follows that slow, easy gait which is the most striking characteristic of the Quaker City. It would seem the watches keep time in the same fashion, as if in sympathy with their owners. So you see there is pretty good reason for the allegation with regard to Philadelphia's proverbial slowness."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Magic In India.

Some recent travelers who have seen the magicians of India reported that the skill of these jugglers has been overrated, and that their tricks are really less wonderful than they have been said to be. But Mr. Kellar, who is himself a slight of hand expert, thinks differently. He says that the Hindoo wizards perform tricks that he can neither duplicate nor understand, so marvelous are they. This is what he relates of one whom he saw at the Chuddermunzil club at Lucknow:

"He took a board and placed it on four glass goblets, thus elevating it from the floor. A youngster sitting on the board was requested to place his hands together, palms up. Then the juggler took a glass of water and poured it into the outstretched hands of the boy. In the meantime the boy had been mesmerized, and his attention was fixed on a point indicated by the magician. Gradually the water turned green in color and then developed into a jelly which increased in density until it became as solid as a stone. Out of the center of this appeared the head of a snake, which gradually developed until in the place of the water there appeared a hissing reptile. I was amazed, I can assure you, but the trick was not yet completed. Hitting the reptile upon the head with his wand, the juggler took it up carefully and placed it back into the glass. As we looked it became transformed into a jelly, which in turn melted into a greenish colored water. Clearer and clearer became the fluid until it was of its original color, and then the juggler placed it to his lips and drank the entire contents. This was the most wonderful trick I ever saw performed, and it is as mysterious to me today as it was then."—New York Advertiser.

Mark Twain's Criticism.

There is only one expert who is qualified to examine the souls and the life of a people and make a valuable report—the native novelist. This expert is so rare that the most populous country can never have 15 conspicuously and confessedly competent ones in stock at one time. This native specialist is not qualified to begin work until he has been absorbing during 25 years. How much of his competency is derived from conscious "observation?" The amount is so slight that it counts for next to nothing in the equipment. Almost the whole capital of the novelist is the slow accumulation of unconscious observation—absorption.

The native expert's intentional observation of manners, speech, character and ways of life can have value, for the native knows what they mean without having to cipher out the meaning. But I should be astonished to see a foreigner get at the right meanings, catch the elusive shades of these subtle things. Even the native novelist becomes a foreigner, with a foreigner's limitations, when he steps from the state whose life is familiar to him into a state whose life he has not lived. Bret Harte got his California and his Californias by unconscious absorption and put both of them into his tales alive, but when he came back from the Pacific to the Atlantic and tried to do Newport life from study—conscious observation—his failure was absolutely monumental.—Mark Twain in North American Review.

He Took Salmon.

"I say, Gaddersby," said Mr. Smith as he came into the fishmonger's with a lot of tackle in his hand. "I want you to give me some fish to take home with me. Put them up to look as if they've been caught today, will you?"

"Certainly, sir," said the fishmonger. "How many?"

"Oh, you'd better give me three or four barbel. Make it look decent in quantity without appearing to exaggerate, you know."

"Yes, sir. But you'd better take salmon, hadn't you'?"

"Why, what makes you think so?"

"Oh, nothing, except that your wife was down here early this afternoon and said if you dropped in with your fishing tackle and a generally woebegone look to have you take salmon if possible, as she liked that kind better than any other."

Mr. Smith took salmon.—Pearson's Weekly.

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Div 14—Henry F Boyle, Pres, 2958 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 394 30th st; Patrick J Linge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Wand, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 5339 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

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Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4325 Dyer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2901 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 47th st; John McLaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4615 Dyer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

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St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 95th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

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Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 28 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 624 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lilling. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Cityourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienze. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

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St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

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In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
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The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

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ESTATE OF PAUL LAWLESS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Paul Lawless, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1895, being the 15th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, February 18, 1895.
ELLEN McGINTY, Executrix.
Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

ESTATE OF ELLA LUSHER, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Ella Lusher, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1895, being the 15th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, February 18, 1895.
JOSEPH L. KOTAL, Administrator. With the will annexed.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

JOHN McKEOUGH, ATTORNEY, 25 & 27, 81 S. CLARK ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. January Term A. D. 1895. Katharina Thennes vs. Carl Thennes. In Chancery. No. 147,565.
Notice is hereby given to the said Carl Thennes that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago in said Cook County, on the first Monday of May A. D. 1895, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.
STEPHEN D GRIFFIN, Clerk.
John McKeough, Compl't's Sol'r.

FRANCIS J. NORTON,

ARCHITECT.

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3. Emmet's Speech in the Dock.....Mr. Samuel Kayzer
4. "The Minstrel Boy" (In Irish).....Mr. M. J. Murphy
5. Instrumental Music, Ancient Irish Airs.....Mr. Clarence Eddy
6. Address.....Mr. Alexander Sullivan
7. "The Pretty Maid Milking her Cow," (in Irish) with Harp Accompaniment.....Sigora M. Inez Carusi
8. Address of Societies.....Read by Mr. P. H. Keenan
9. "Kathleen Mavourneen".....Miss Eugenia Bayard
10. "God Save Ireland".....Mr. J. J. Phelan

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